THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXVII—No. 1131

AUGUST 5, 1925

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

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J. LEMOINE

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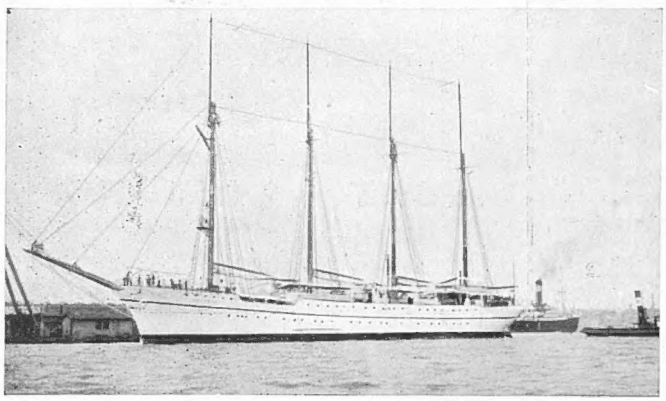

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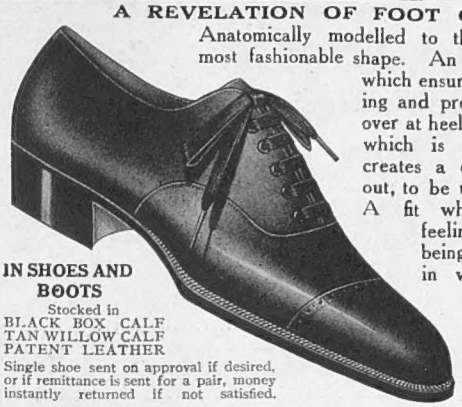

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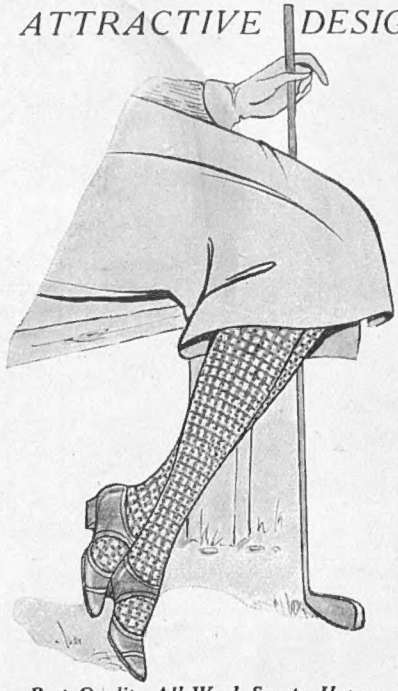

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GRAPHIC

Some striking subjects in the issue for August 8 are:—

Cowes Regatta, with sketches on the spot drawn by CHARLES PEARS.

The Power that Moves London: Double-page drawing of Lots Road Station by DONALD MAXWELL.

Verdun To-day: Special sketches of France's New National War Memorial; and articles by

ARTHUR MACHEN, D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS, etc.

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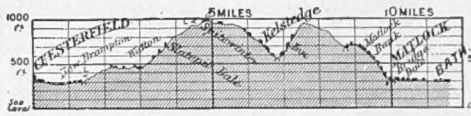

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Le Touquet—Paris Plage.—HOTEL REGINA FERRAS.

Paris.—HOTEL LINCOLN, 24 Rue Bayard (8e).
HOTEL MEURICE. 228 Rue de Rivoli.
ROYAL MONCEAU HOTEL, 35 Ave Hoche.

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Bird's Custard

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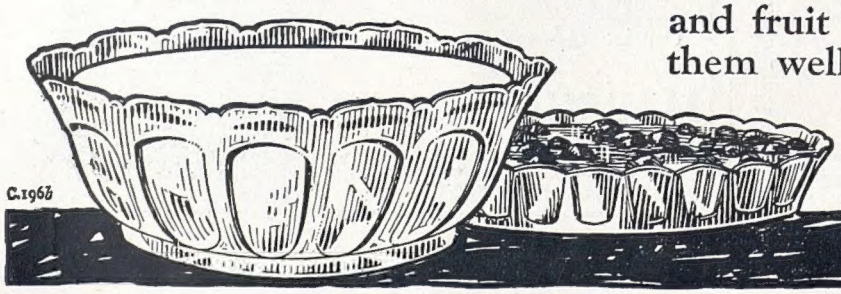

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C.1968

The Bystander, August 5, 1925 No. 1131. Vol. LXXXVII

The BYSTANDER

Lafayette

MISS EVELYN JOHNSON

The daughter of Colonel R. A. Johnson, C.B.E., Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Royal Mint. She was one of this Season's débutantes

Waisted Opportunities

BY ALBERT BAILEY

SHE: "We really ought to have a chaperon!"
HE: "But we won't need one, I assure you"
SHE: "Oh, won't we? Then let's go back"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

ANOTHER BANK HOLIDAY OVER. THANK GOODNESS —

YOUNG PEOPLE ADORE BANK HOLIDAYS —

ALMOST EVERY DAY SOME NEW ESTATE, CASTLE OR BEAUTY SPOT IS HANDED OVER TO THE NATION —

WHILE SOCIALISTS ARE HANGING ON TO THEIR BITS AND PIECES LIKE GRIM DEATH, THE WICKED INDIVIDUALISTS ARE PRACTISING THE PERFECT SOCIALISM OF THE IDEAL STATE —

Thank Goodness!

ANOTHER Bank Holiday over, thank goodness. I hope I don't seem snobbish or ungrateful, but I find it increasingly difficult to appreciate our great national vacations at what I am sure is their true worth. To me, they speak of inconvenience, annoyance and a hurly-burly beyond bearing.

And Rightly So!

THIS, of course, is merely a sign of advancing years. Young people adore Bank Holidays —"and rightly so!" as Charlie of Marble Arch has taught us to say. People who work in confined spaces and vitiated atmospheres appreciate them—"and rightly so." Seaside landladies look to them for gain—"and rightly so!" But I hate the sight of them, and I am thankful that one more of them has gone, never to return.

The Coming Season

THE London theatrical season is starting, and plays are being staged that will run through the winter—providing, of course, that the sanguine hopes of their producers are justified. We have seen the successor to *Tons of Money* and *It Pays to Advertise*; Robert Courtneidge has launched himself and *On 'Change* at the Savoy; and Leon M. Lion is bringing his provincial success, *Number Seventeen*, to the West End. Added to which, Michael Arlen's *Green Hat* (without Gladys Cooper) is shortly due at the Adelphi—after a musical comedy interlude.

Between the Lines

SUCH pressure has been brought upon the Censor's office that I fancy we have heard the last of those improper plays that have given the papers such food for thought during the silly season. Even the Lord Chamberlain must be able to read between the lines of a script by now, and those strange degenerate audiences that have had such a good innings during the past few months, will find themselves all dressed up and no place to go.

A Modern Scourge

DURING the hot summer weather there is always a lot of insomnia about, and this modern scourge seems to have been unduly prevalent of late. Everyone you meet seems to have a different remedy, and the remedy is usually worse than the disease. Any medical man will tell you that the excessive taking of drugs and drinks is usually rooted in an attempt to cure sleeplessness, but no medical man can seem to suggest a positive remedy, the dark

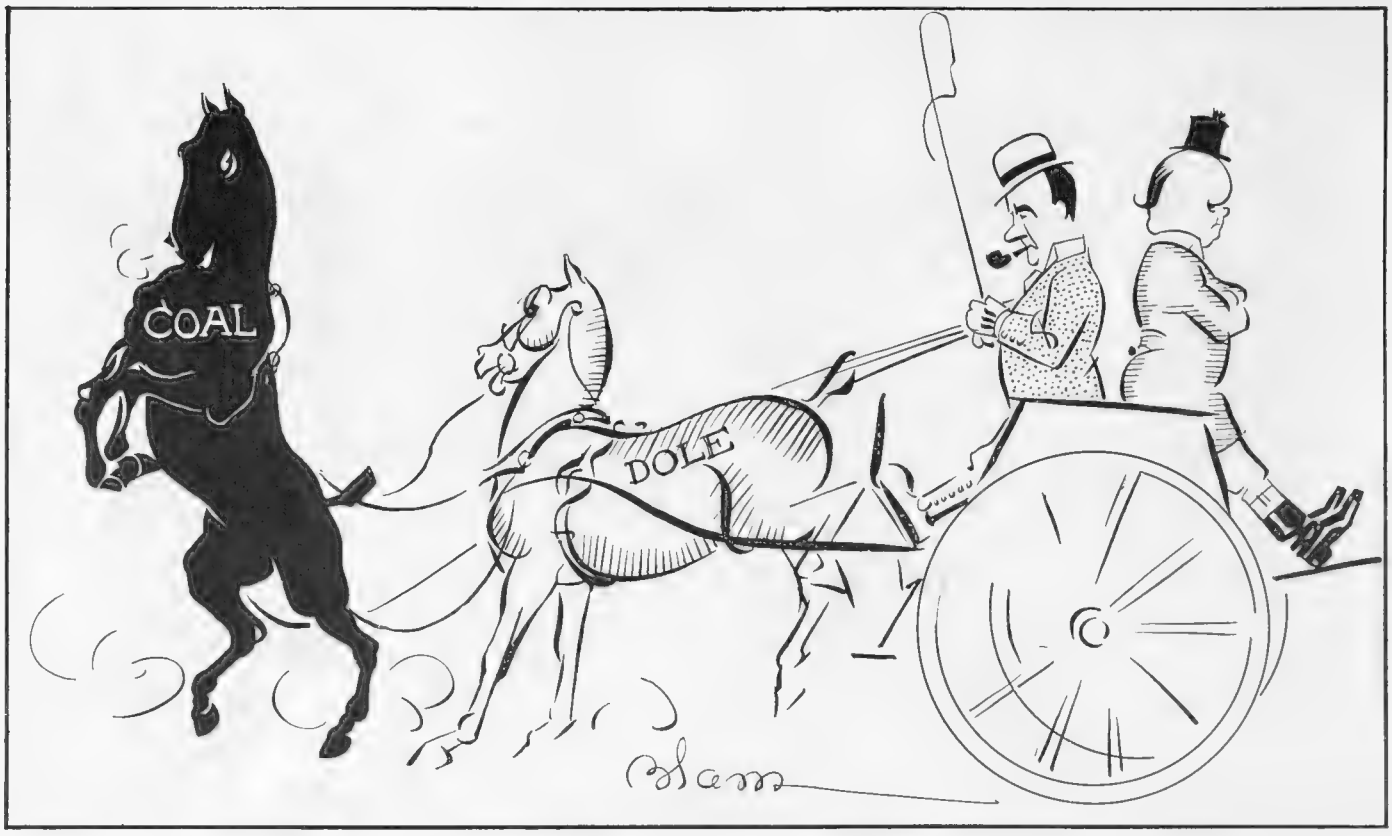
THOSE STRANGE DEGENERATE AUDIENCES —

THE REMEDY IS USUALLY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE —

WHILE DREAMING OF CHIEFTAINS AND WARRIORS IN WOAD YOU ARE LIGHTING YOUR PIPE IN CHARING CROSS ROAD —

SOCIETY HAS ALWAYS BEEN A CONVENIENT AUNT SALLY —

HOWARD K. COOK



BALDWIN'S "BLACK AND TAN"—DEM ! By Blan

places of the brain from which such nervous disorders spring being an uncharted land so far as the doctors are concerned.

The Foul Fiend Flies

YET there is a cure, cheap and quite delightful, from which no ill results need be feared. If you find that you can't sleep in your own bed, seek another where better luck may await you. After your day's work is over take the train to some other place, wander round strange streets, dine at a strange table, stroll for an hour beneath strange stars and sleep—as you will sleep—in strange surroundings. Continue this treatment for a week, and you will find that the foul fiend has flown for ever. If your wife is suspicious and raises any opposition, she will get what she deserves—a sick husband and eventually "a tomb-stone white with the name of the late deceased."

England for the English

HOW long will it be before the generous gifts and bequests of famous men result in the perfect Socialist State, and England really belongs to the English? Almost every day some new estate, castle or beauty spot is handed over to the nation, and these national possessions are accumulating at such a rate that they will soon commence to join up and spread all over the map.

Cissbury Hill

YESTERDAY it was Bodiam, the day before that it was Ken Wood, and about the same time Cissbury Beacon in Sussex was handed over for richer and poorer to have and to hold. The same Cissbury, of which it was written:

There are circles of beech upon Cissbury Hill,
Where the leaves of a lifetime decay;
Hiding the memories, lingering still,
Of Rome's indisputable sway.
And under the beech-leaves of Cissbury Hill
Throbs the heart of the downland alway.
While dreaming of chieftains and warriors in woad,
You are lighting your pipe in the Charing Cross Road.

Splendid Individualists

SO acute is this spread of national property becoming that we shall soon have to publish a map with national possessions coloured red. The only trouble being that the printer would never keep pace with the generosity of those splendid individualists who are anxious to return the prizes they have won to the common stock-pot. It is rather amusing, don't you think, that while Socialists are hanging on to their bits and pieces like grim death, the wicked individualists are practising the perfect Socialism of the ideal State.

Sins of Society

AS a younger man I have sat beneath the late Father Bernard Vaughan while he hammered home the evils of aristocracy and the sins of Society. I am therefore left a trifle cold when I read of the wickednesses of modern men and women. I seem to have heard it all before, and Father Vaughan said it so much better. I can imagine the same situation during the Regency, when Charles was King, in the days of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and at still more remote dates in the history of the world.

Wickedness is Everywhere

SOCIETY has always been a convenient Aunt Sally at which to shy, the only trouble being that you don't get a cocoanut when you score a hit. We shy at Society partly because we are jealous of it, and partly because it contains a number of idle folk who get into mischief, and deserve a good deal that they get. At the same time, I would beg to remark that we don't say the East End is rotten because a Whitechapel Jew is over-faithful to his neighbour's wife. O, my brothers! Wickedness is everywhere, and we can't get away from it however much we try!

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

ROYALTY AT GOODWOOD *Sport and General*

His Majesty, with Major Fetherstonhaugh and the Duke and Duchess of York, photographed in the Royal Enclosure at Goodwood

SOCIETY IN SUSSEX

A camera causerie from the famous course at Goodwood, which was as crowded as ever for this year's meeting. Unfortunately the weather behaved far from well—and the favourites in the Stewards' Cup emulated the weather!

The End of the Season

HAVING given us a season of almost unbroken sunshine, the heavens, during its last days, opened and poured rain upon us by the bucketful. Perhaps they were weeping over the end of a brilliant time, which had its climax in the two Garden Parties and the big political party and ball given by the Duchess of Sutherland.

I suppose one season is very much like another. Each year there are precisely the same fixtures and functions following each other in precisely the same rotation—the Derby, Ascot, the Royal Tournament, the Horse Show, the Courts, the Eton and Harrow match, polo at Ranelagh, Hurlingham, Roehampton; endless balls and parties, and, finally, the Garden Parties at Buckingham Palace.

But this year we have had an Opera Season at Covent Garden, and another change has been the increasing number of musical parties. In fact, there were more of these pleasant institutions this summer than at any time since the season began again after the War.

The dominant impression left on one's mind by this season, on which the curtain has been rung down with rain and blasts from Iceland, is the number of people who crowded every function. No matter where you went it was always the same—hundreds where there used to be fifties, and strings of waiting motor-cars. So crowded were some of the balls that dancing was practically an impossibility. As a young woman said to me, "This is the squashiest season I've had so far." What would have happened if crinolines had come into fashion again cannot be imagined.

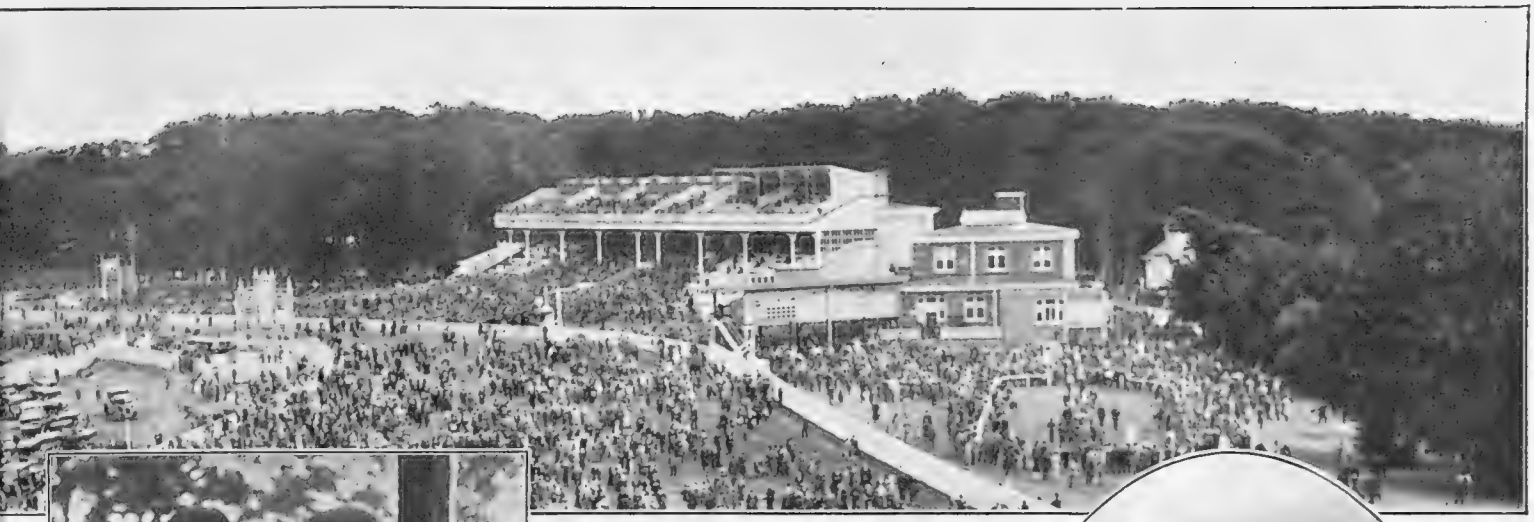
However, it has been a very pleasant time, and now the *monde* is off, hither or thither—crowds to the Continent, crowds to Scotland, crowds into the country. Deauville and Biarritz are the two most favoured watering-places abroad.

Goodwood

NOTWITHSTANDING the many announcements to the contrary, the Queen did not accompany the King on his visit to the Duke of Richmond. Like Queen Alexandra

BEFORE THE RACING *Photopress*

Members of Sir George Hutchinson's house-party at his Sussex residence, Rustington House. The group shows: Front row—Mr. W. Hutchinson (left), Mr. Dennis Murphy, Miss Hutchinson, Sir George Hutchinson, and Mrs Guy Oliver. Back row—Major Douglas Percy Smith and Miss Hamilton



Central Press

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURSE AND STANDS AT GOODWOOD FROM TRUNDLE HILL

Sport and General

PRINCE HENRY and LIEUT.-COL. J. C. BRINTON

Her Majesty does not go regularly to Goodwood. This year Lady Violet Brassey, the Duke's daughter by his first marriage, took the place of her step-sister, the Duchess of Northumberland, as the King's hostess, the recently-arrived baby at Syon House making it impossible for the Duchess to do *châtelaine* as she has for many years both before and since her marriage.

The Duke and Duchess of York stayed with the Duke of Richmond's heir, Lord March, at Molecomb, as did also the Duchess's great friend, Lady Doris Vyner, Lord March's younger daughter. The Royal party at Goodwood numbered thirty.

The big houses in the neighbourhood, as usual, had many guests. At Petworth, Lord and Lady Leconfield entertained a party of twenty-three, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearson had seventeen at Cowdray Park, amongst them the Duke of Westminster's daughter, Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, and her husband. Lord Woolavington had a party at Lavington Park, and other hosts and hostesses were Sir George and Lady Hutchinson at Rustington House, Miss Marion Cochrane at Sennicots, Chichester, and Violet Lady Beaumont and Mr. Wootton Isaacson.

The motor-car has had an adverse effect on the letting of smaller houses in the neighbourhood. And, as I told you a little while ago, people find it easier to stay at an hotel in one of the coast towns near by, and motor over every day with a well-filled luncheon basket, rather than undertake all the fuss and bother of a week's housekeeping nearer the course.

I.B.

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Very Neat

PRINCE HENRY is developing a happy talent as a public speaker. After taking part in the cavalry manœuvres at Aldershot, and being I don't know how many hours in the saddle, he rushed to Edinburgh for a round of public engagements and to receive the freedom of the city. In acknowledging his new citizenship Prince Henry said that, as he was also a freeman of Glasgow, he had now become "a kind of Scottish municipal Siamese twin." Very neat, and happy.

Sport and General

THE EX-QUEEN OF GREECE (right) with LADY MURIEL BECKWITH

The Landed Aristocracy

THE late Lord Curzon's will explains an attitude of mind which, in his life-time, many of his critics considered mere pride of birth and a disproportionate respect for rank and degree. In creating the Kedleston Trust for the maintenance of the estate which his family owned and where they lived for over 800 years, Lord Curzon said it was not from "motives of pride or vanity," but because he attached "a high value to the survival of the landed aristocracy of Great Britain," and because he believed "that they may still continue to be a source of stability to the State."

Lord Curzon was born an aristocrat. Whilst he was proud of the fact, he realised and accepted the

responsibilities attaching to his birth. His severest critic cannot say that he did not fulfil those responsibilities to the uttermost. He continued to believe in his own order, although that belief must have received some severe shocks from the attitude of some of his brother aristocrats towards their own particular responsibilities and duties.

It is an old commentary on human nature that, whilst honours and titles—the badge of aristocracy—are eagerly sought in this country, many people who hold hereditary t tles are almost apologetic for having been born in the ranks of the aristocracy. Lord Curzon had t.e courage of his birth. The point of view which led a Viscountess recently to tell an audience from a public platform that "the title wasn't her fault," was inexplicable to him.

Sensational Sales

CHRISTIE'S, too, have added to the thrills of the season with the Carnarvon and Sargent sales. And then, for a final, came the sale of the furniture at the house in Arlington Street left to Violet Duchess of Rutland by her husband. But why should some of the newspapers make such a clatter about the sale of the late Duke's bed, and of the beds of the Duchess and Lady Diana Cooper? Dukes, Duchesses and ducal daughters do sleep in beds, I suppose. It's only usual. Perhaps the newspaper people who made such a fuss over the sale of their particular beds thought they slept in hammocks.

Central Press

Mrs. Evan Thomas (left), Lady Portal, Miss Mary Monk, Sir William Portal, and Sir Henry McMahon

AN "ISLAND" GATHERING

Some of the early arrivals for the Regatta at Cowes, which opened on Monday, photographed near the scene of operations

Central News

MAJOR HECKSTALL SMITH

Sport and General

Lady Inchcape, Lord Inchcape, Major Philip Hunloke, Mr. Frank Chaplin, Capt. Slade and Miss Chaplin

A Tragic Loss

THE destruction by fire of the Château de Randan in the Puy-de-Dôme, near Vichy, is an irreparable loss to the Orléans family, since it was practically the museum of that ancient race. It belonged to the late Comtesse de Paris, an intrepid sportswoman, who smoked the strong Italian cigars called *toscani*. When she died, she left it to her youngest son, the Duke de Montpensier, brother of the Duke d'Orléans, the Duchess d'Aosta,

and Queen Marie Amèlie. He practically re-constructed much of the interior.

In addition to family relics, pictures, armour and a collection of lace said to be worth £80,000, there were the trophies and curios collected by the Duke de Montpensier himself—and he was an adventurous soul—during his travels in the East and his residence in Annam, where for many years he had a house called the Château des Tours Tsiams. The Duke died last year. Since then the Château de Randan has been closed, the Duchess having returned there only a few days before the disastrous fire. She was a Spaniard, the Comtesse Isabella de Valdeterrazo. A friend of mine, who went there recently from Vichy, tells me it was one of the most magnificent places he had ever seen, simply crammed with priceless things.

Bassano

Viscount Suirdale and Miss Dorothy Jean Hotham, who were married at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street

Topical

Mr. Robert C. Jenkinson and his bride, the Hon. Barbara Harcourt, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster

A PHOTOGRAPHIC SELECTION FROM SOME SOCIETY WEDDINGS OF THE MONTH

Bassano

Sir F. C. Anstruther and his bride, Miss Katherine Mary Neilson, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster

The Season's Last Parties

THE last two big entertainments of the season were given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland at Hampden House, and on two successive nights. On the first, they had a party of some twelve hundred guests to meet the Prime Minister, and on the second they gave a ball to some six hundred.

Hampden House—which used to be the town house of the Dukes of Abercorn—is large, but to make sufficient room for these hundreds of folk the hard tennis court at the back of the house was covered in, laid with a parquet floor, and hung round with tapestry. On the second night this was used as a ballroom.

The ball made a brilliant ending to the season. The Queen of the Belgians, the Queen of Roumania, Princess Marie José, the Crown Princess of Roumania, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and Greek princes and princesses made up an unusual number of royalties at a private ball. Everything was done most royally. It was an excellent idea to have the party and the ball on succeeding nights, as the beautiful flower decorations served for both.

A Warning

ENGLISH people visiting Florence just now will be wise to carry their passports with them when they go out a-walking or a-sight-seeing. The Florentine police seem to be in a panic about spies. A short time ago, as Mrs. Handel Booth and Miss Margery Lawrence, the novelist, were crossing a street, two hours after their arrival, they were arrested by plain-clothes detectives, who wanted to take them to the police station. Mrs. Handel Booth protested, and insisted on going to their hotel for their passports. The detectives accompanied them, with other police, and told the hotel manager that the two ladies were spies. With their passports, and the help of an Italian lawyer, Mrs. Booth and Miss Lawrence convinced the police of their mistake, but although an apology was tendered through the British Consul no explanation was given of this extraordinary incident. Mrs. Booth says there have been similar cases, and in one a young American student and his sister were kept in the police cells for four days.

A Correction

WRITING under the heading "Changes," your Bystander a fortnight ago said that Lord Garvagh had bought Ashby

de la Launde Hall in Lincolnshire, after selling Plas Canning at Harlech in Wales. Lord Garvagh writes to tell me that, although he has bought Ashby Hall he has not sold, nor does he contemplate selling, Plas Canning, so I hasten to make the correction.

A Change of Air

THE servant problem is certainly adding to women's wrinkles. It seems to grow more and more acute, and in London at the present moment there are actually registry offices—and these which only supply what one can call the superior class of servant—without a single name on their books. But the names of mistresses wanting maids fill pages and pages.

One reason for this dearth, I am told, is Wembley. Scores of girls who otherwise would be parlour-maiding or house-maiding and attending to the domestic wants of those who have to keep servants, have gone to Wembley as waitresses. They prefer the exhibition to domestic service during the summer months.

But, acute as is our servant question, it is nothing compared to that in New York. An American friend of mine has a house on Long Island. She described it once as "a sort of railway station for servants." But the climax was reached recently. Three servants were engaged in New York—a cook, housemaid, and parlourmaid—on a Friday. They arrived the same evening.

My friend had several visitors for the week-end. Everything was admirably done, so admirably that the lady of the house, accustomed to a string of wholly inefficient and untrained servants, could hardly believe she was alive. "I thought I must have died and gone to Heaven without knowing it," she said.

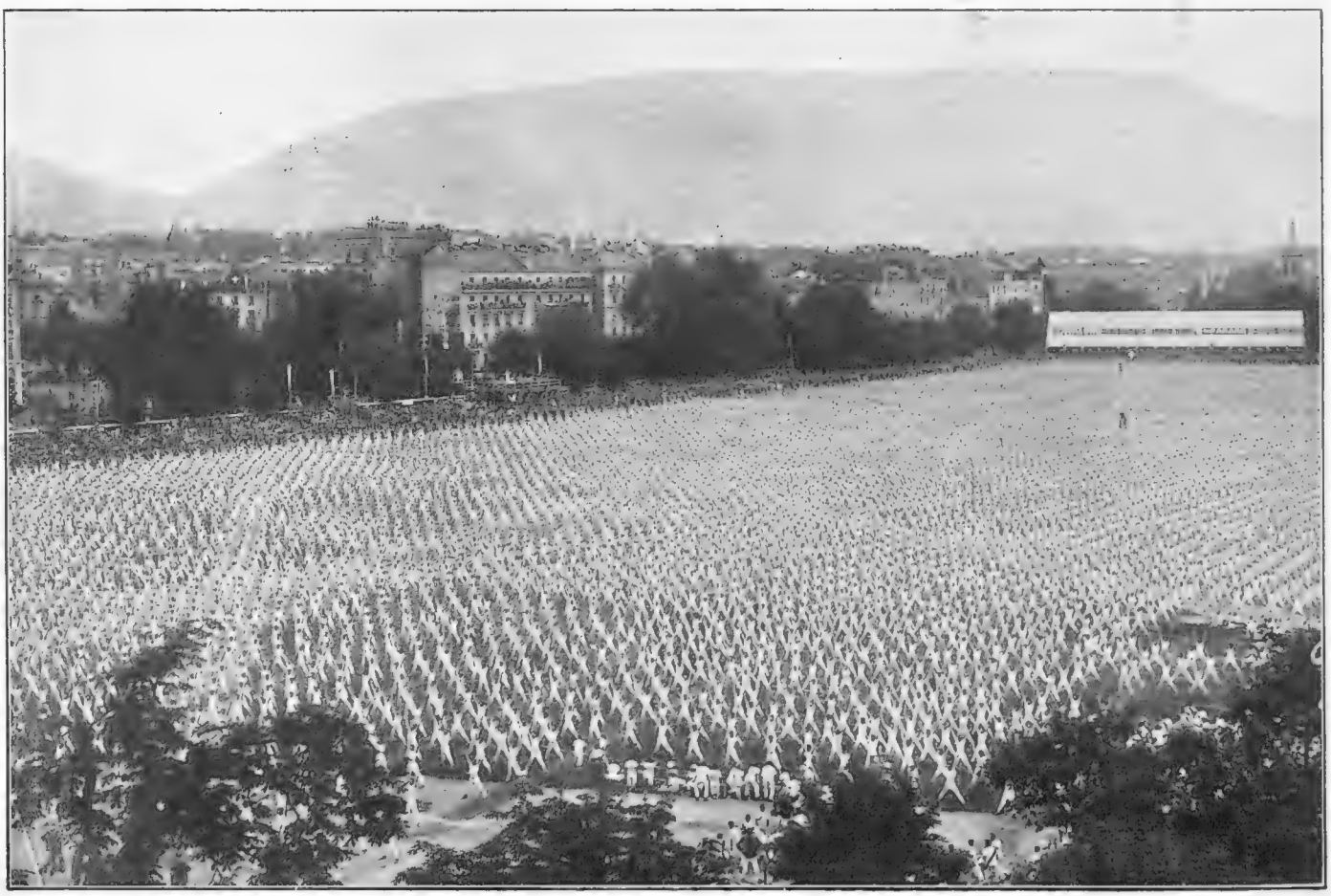
The guests departed on the Monday afternoon. On the Tuesday morning the three maids packed their boxes and departed, too! When asked the reason, they said they had no complaint against the house or the work, quite the contrary. But they were all three friends, and they thought a week-end on Long Island would be a pleasant change, so they took the place in order to save expense!

ON SPEECH DAY *Special Press*

Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, who presented the prizes, greeting the Captain of Stowe School on Speech Day. Behind him is seen Mr. J. F. Roxburgh, M.A., the headmaster, who left Lancing to take up the post when Stowe was first opened two years ago

Steeped in History

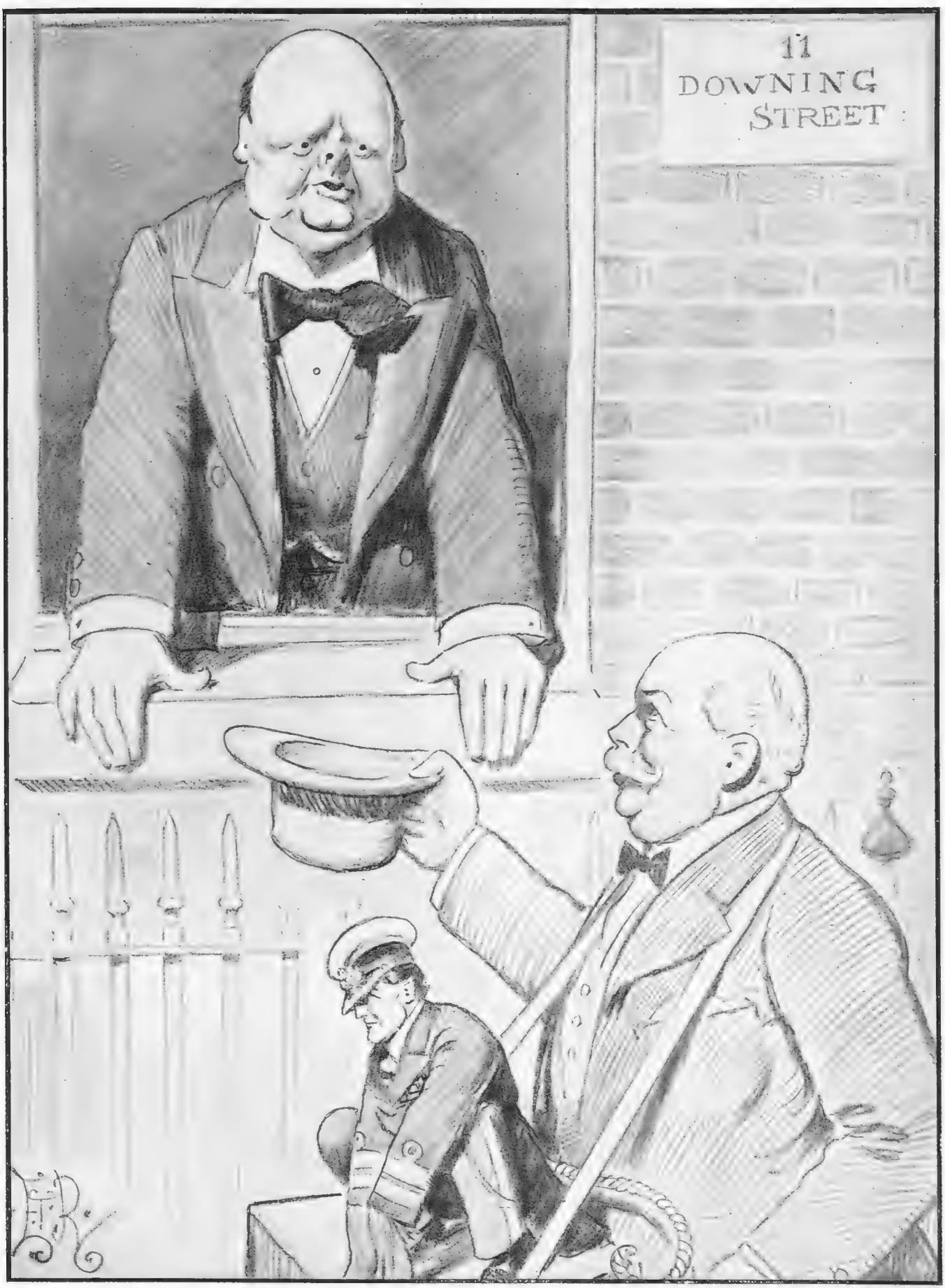
ESSEX House, that fine old building which stands at the foot of Essex Street in the Strand, is a spot steeped in tradition. In its early days it was the centre of the disastrous plot hatched by the Earl of Essex to overthrow Queen Elizabeth, and for many years it played no small part in the country's history. After many changes of fortune it now houses the newly-formed Templar's Club, whose members—many of whom are drawn from the legal profession—now lunch, dine, read and write in the old rooms which have housed so many of London's former citizens.



IN MASS FORMATION *F. H. Jullien*

At first glance, this photograph might be taken to show a field of tulips in bloom, but, on closer inspection, it will be noted that the scene is far more animated. In actual fact, our photograph shows some of the twenty thousand athletes who took part in the recent Fête Fédérale de Gymnastique, held at Geneva, going through their evolutions

Another Naval Scrap



BY E. T. REED

BRIDGEMAN *(after playing "Rule Britannia" and "A Life on the Ocean Wave" several times)* : "Look here, my boy, none of your parsimony! Pass the money out and look sharp about it, or David and I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry!"

PEOPLE AT PLAY

TRAINS.

By "PENDARVES"

It is at this time of the year that we begin to think about trains and things. The thought of trains and things leads ultimately but irrevocably to the time table. And in our family that is where the trouble usually begins also.

People, I find, have fixed opinions about trains and times of their departure and arrival. They have also very definite opinions about how to look up trains.

Very few people will admit that they *can't* look up a train in a time table. There are isolated cases here and there of really BIG people who have the personality to admit that Bradshaw defeats them, like Dr. Livingstone and Lord George Sanger. But on the whole, personal vanity intervenes and they say airily, "Oh yes, that's all right—pass it over to me like a good chap." If you are wise you will do so, and then continue practice putts on the lawn.

Nine times out of ten, however, the inevitable S.O.S. will reach you through the French windows.

"I say, Pendarves, half a minute, will you? . . . I can't see this damned connection, can you? Must be a misprint I think." Which signifies surrender, and you take over the business. Thus:

"Let's see, Danby Wiske is your station, isn't it?"

"N-o-o, its Cowton I think—half a sec: we'll ask Laura." (He does.)

"Well, that's perfectly simple. D-a-n-by W-i-ske . . 831a. Week Days. Down. M'm—y—es." Here is the first fence. There seem to be no trains whatever to Danby Wiske. Given up stopping there. And they print instead, downwards through the columns, "Sleeping Car Express London to Perth." And "Except Saturday Nights and Sunday Mornings." Failing that you perceive a succession of negative dots ... ...

"Half a minute, here's one. Got him! 8.25 afternoon gets there at—what, 7.3? I say this is a pretty rapid train." Very cunning, you steal a pencil along the line running east across the page from Danby Wiske . . . Gets there at . . 4.7 aft.: that's perfect! Now that should leave King's Cross about—you glance up—oh! Sundays. Sorry.

Back a page. Northallerton. That's the junction obviously. But on page 831 there is no Danby Wiske at all. The cursed train goes through charming places like Middlesborough, Saltburn and Stockton, pulling up for good and all at West Hartlepool.

However, by dint of much arguing and more conjecture you fix on quite a well-bred sort of train that seems to behave itself all the way down, and he says, "Thanks very much ol'man, my eyes are so rotten y'know I can't *see* the things."

And when you have gone out and put down a couple more putts you are called to his aid again with "Isn't there some queer hieroglyphic against our 9.37, old boy?"

Yes, by gad, there is, "e"—"except Saturdays."

"But we are going on Saturday! . .

I knew a man once who used to sit for long hours with a pipe and a Continental Bradshaw after dinner, planning imaginary holidays abroad, with delightful cross country routings from places like Schneidemühl to Jonichkio on the Lithuanian frontier, coming home via Gelsenkirchen and Düsseldorf. You could never catch *him* tripping over any of the 991 pages of Bradshaw. He adored them . . . The Governor of the place writes to me occasionally and says he is an excellent patient and gives no trouble.

Still, the railway people are very helpful. They give you all sorts of polite hints during your wander through the maze. Things like "See page 6 something 9." The middle figure did not come through when they were printing, but that is not the Company's fault. They have nice little hands, too, pointing up and down the columns—never at your train, but they can't help that either, I suppose. And the word STOP. That is always the train you have just unearthed. It stops three stations before yours—most inconsiderately.

You may say "why not go by the A.B.C.—so much simpler." So it is if you are proceeding from London to Edinburgh. But you try a journey from Laurencekirk to Kinbuck by A.B.C. and see how far you will get!

Far the best plan of all, of course, is to throw the Bradshaw out of the window on to the head of your local Surveyor of Taxes and descend under full sail upon the railway inquiry office. They have *got* to tell you, whether you go by their line eventually or not. And the sillier the question you ask the more bucked with life do those grey-faced gentlemen become.

Here is one, asked by a dear old lady at Victoria the other day.

"Have you any cheap excursions to Vienna?"

"Yes, madam. How long do you want to be away?"

"O-oh, about three or four days."

"Well, madam, as it is a 36 hours' journey each way, I am afraid you would be coming back before you got there—he! he!"

But she did not think it was funny at all. Quite the contrary.

THE OPEN SEASON FOR Ggolf

By BATCHELOR

THE NOVICE: "I come here attracted not so much by the golf as by the open country"
THE EXPERT: "Quite! But I must ask you to close it up again before we go on"

In a Northamptonshire Garden

Compton Collier

LADY IPSWICH

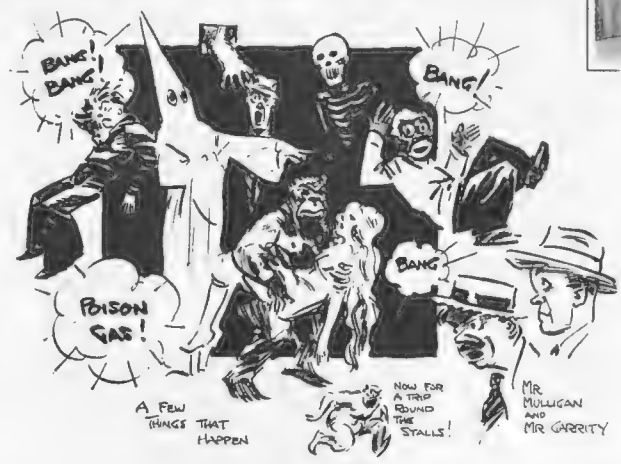
The daughter-in-law of the Duke of Grafton, with her two daughters, the Hon. Margaret Jane FitzRoy and the Hon. Mary Rose FitzRoy. Her son, John, succeeded his father, who fell in action in 1918

Produced June 30, 1925

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THE programme calls this play "The Merriest, Maddest Mystery," and I think the superlative alliteration is entirely justified. The production is really no more than a laughable "rag" on the subject of the Mystery Plays which at one time held the West End spellbound with awe and wonder. In these Mystery Plays, it will be remembered, some crime had been committed, and suspicion was laid upon everyone in turn until, at the end of the play, it was discovered that the villain was the one apparently spotless character in the piece who had been regarded as the constant wearer of the white flower of a blameless life. Much the same thing happens here; but rich and riotous fun is supplied by a couple of comic detectives who are constantly being put out of action by the villain of the piece. The mystery part of this play is supplied in this instance by Mr. Cyrus Stevens, a perfect gentleman, who lives in refined seclusion at Long Island, U.S.A., and whose first business is to announce to us with a shudder of apprehension that he has received a warning that he is to be visited by a notorious criminal known to the trade as "The Gorilla."

IT is a canon of Mystery Plays that the villain always keeps his appointments, and we have no doubt, therefore, that the "Gorilla" will turn up in due course, either as himself, or in some impenetrable disguise. The "horror" of the situation is accentuated by Mr. Cyrus's negro manservant, who groans despairingly at the terrifying news, and walks about trembling in his shoes, and, doubtless, in the rest of his attire as well. Pending the arrival of the detectives, Alice Denby, Mr. Cyrus's niece, returns home with a young man, for whom she has the usual high regard and esteem, and who has written a play that has never yet been acted. His name is Marsden, but it seems as though he ought to have been called Smith or Brown, because he belongs obviously to a very large family indeed. Mr. Marsden makes the amiable proposal that Mr. Cyrus should sit up all night and hear the reading of the play in the hope that he may be tempted to finance its production. There are, I believe, other ways of gaining the sympathetic ear of a possible producer, but Marsden, apparently, has not heard of them. As the two men settle down to the reading, Alice Denby retires to her room, and then things happen swiftly. The lights go out for a moment, and when they are turned up again we see Mr. Cyrus "throwing a gun" at his literary visitor, in accordance with the best kind of Mystery etiquette. This is the first hint we get that neither Mr. Cyrus nor Marsden is what he seems.



THEN Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Garrity arrive on the scene resolved to catch the "Gorilla" at his fell work red-handed. Mr. Garrity is the leader of the combination, and his nerves are in that jumpy state that is always so infectious. He starts at the least sound, and points a ready "gun" at everything and everybody that seem to be looking for trouble. A louder noise than usual makes him turn suddenly. He calls out that a man's arm is to be seen moving stealthily through an open window in the adjoining room. Bang! Then Mr. Garrity turns to the other people present and becomes the martinet of the occasion. No one must move. Miss Alice Denby, who is upstairs, must be fetched down, because she may be the "Gorilla" in disguise. The third degree is nothing to the methods of Mr. Garrity. He is at boiling point all the time. One of his first questions is to the trembling negro, who is asked if he has ever seen a gorilla in the house. The stammering reply of the negro is that he has not done so, as far as he can remember, and, of course, a little thing like that might easily slip one's memory.

IN CELLAR COOL

Mulligan (Harry O'Neal), helped by the moral—and verbal—support of Arthur Marsden (G. H. Mulcaster) and Simmons (Dennis Dennison), uses all his powers of persuasion to induce his brother detective Garrity (Lew Kelly) to keep watch and ward in the cellar

ALL at once a door opens, and the body of a dead sailor falls into the room. Mr. Garrity naturally considers this intrusion most unwarrantable, as the sailor has nothing to do with the police

theory of the "Gorilla's" whereabouts, and his appearance on the scene just as the plot is beginning to thicken is frivolously irrelevant. So the sailor is carted away, while Mr. Garrity commands Miss Alice Denby to lift the lid of an oaken settle at the far end of the room. Alice's friends urge her to do nothing of the kind; but Mr. Garrity is obdurate, and under cover of his "gun" she lifts the lid as ordered, and then gives a lovely scream of horror. What ghastly sight can have met her fair young eyes? At this point the curtain falls on the first act. The second act, which takes place in another part of the house, is supposed to commence ten seconds before the close of Act 1. This enables us to solve the mystery of Alice's fright. The oaken settle, it appears, is merely a cover for a secret stairway, at the foot of which we observe a life-size gorilla gazing pensively up, doubtless in contemplative admiration of the fair maid above.

THEN Mr. Mulligan, who has been sent by his chief to investigate the mystery of the chamber below, has hardly taken a couple of steps when a secret door opens and he vanishes from our sight into the unknown, in the best style of Mystery drama. The lights go out again—a frequent device employed to heighten the mystery of this play—and when they are turned on once more we see Mr. Garrity unconscious on the floor. He has been drugged into unconsciousness by an Unknown Hand. It is some time before he can be brought round, but as soon as he is himself again he shouts his orders that they shall start to clear this thing up right from the beginning. Then Mr. Mulligan is suddenly thrown out of the secret door bound and gagged, and a lot of precious time has to be wasted in freeing him from his bonds. Mulligan is then left to keep watch while Mr. Garrity rushes

off to take up the thread elsewhere. As Mulligan stands looking about him anxiously, the hairy arm of a gorilla is observed to be protruding from another trap-door (you cannot have too many in this kind of play), and his hat is lifted from his head.

JUST as he is recovering from his surprise a battleaxe suddenly appears from a hole in the wall and takes a blind swipe at him, missing him only by a foot or so. Then the lights go out and, when they are turned up again amid general confusion, a human skeleton is seen leaning with careless ease against the wall, having doubtless escaped from its cupboard. A little later, after the usual dodging with the lights, a trap-door in the floor is raised and the real gorilla appears carrying the limp and senseless body of Alice Denby to a place of safety, or something of that sort. The tragedy of the tale is laid on so thickly that its exaggeration becomes bewilderingly funny.

THE original Mystery that started the fun is cleared up as far as possible; but the huge joke does not end with the fall of the curtain. The real gorilla remains to be captured. Behind the curtain we hear the noise of wild rushing and plunging and much shooting, while in front, beside the footlights, we see the real gorilla sitting nonchalantly, and smiling amiably at the futile search that is going on at the back. Somebody then discovers that the gorilla has crept forward to meet its kind friends in front, and the hue and cry begins again. But with a couple of seconds' start the gorilla is over the heads of the orchestra and up the gangway in the centre of the auditorium. The excitement while the hunt lasts is tremendous. Mr. Edward Sillward impersonates the gorilla with fitting nimbleness; and Mr. Nate Busby as the negro servant is a very considerable humorist indeed. Mr. Lew Kelly and Mr. Harry O'Neal are the two detectives who are mainly responsible for the screaming fun of the piece, but the acting is perfect in all respects, and the production may safely reckon on popular support during any dog days or heat waves or any meteorological frivolities of the kind that may be coming to us.

JINGLE

"QUITE SIMPLE, MY DEAR WATSON"

Detective Garrity (Lew Kelly) and his partner Mulligan (Harry O'Neal), the American detectives, putting in a little heavy work among the clues. A scene from the burlesque "thriller," "The Gorilla," at the New Oxford Theatre

Motley Musings

A CERTAIN well-known English comedian is going to America for seven years. In *his* case we think the sentence is a harsh one.

. . . . . .

A YORKSHIREMAN recently stated that he signed a lease while under the influence of liquor. Solicitors, however, pointed out that everything was in Black and White.

. . . . . .

Two Leicester men were fined for fighting in the streets. We have learnt that they have since hit it off.

. . . . .

At performing on cute ukeleles,
I know a young chap who a wheles ;
He is trying quite hard
At the Pav. to be starred,
Or to get an engagement at Deles !

. . . . .

SIXTEEN men were recently convicted of assaulting the head of a rival race-gang. Stevenson would have said it was a case of

Fifteen men on the head man's chest,
Yo ho, and another to come !

. . . . .

AN uncle has left his nephew a haunted house. The latter thinks he has the ghost of a chance of letting it.

. . . . .

"I gather that you've disobeyed me, Dick ;
Attend to me, and have your answer pat :
Where is the peach I told you not to pick ?"
"Please, dad, I gathered that !"

[AN official declares that traffic troubles are due to horse-drawn vehicles.]

There may be some dislocation
Caused by chronic excavation,
And that little irritation
Make you cuss ;
Though from Thames Street to the Tower
Takes you maybe half an hour,
It's unfair of you to shower
Blame on Us !

When you're stuck at Euston Station,
Which is not your destination,
We reply, the situation
Might be wuss ;
There's no sense in getting ranc'rous,
Or so peevishly cantank'rous,
You might be outside St. Pancras,
Or with Us !

If you say the trouble's tramway,
Or a host of other dam ways,
Your solution of the jam weighs
Naught with Us,
For the fact is that the chaos
Is occasioned when a dray 'oss,
Or a black or brown or bay 'oss
Bites a bus !

"HAVE you known your doctor long ?"

"Only since my operation ; but he says he knows me inside out."

. . . . .

AN American composer of topical songs has had a nervous breakdown. We expect he was knocked over by one of his own song hits.

. . . . . .

WE read that most authors are untidy.

Maybe they are, but then,
They're "litterary" men.

. . . . . .

THERE is a certain club near Baker Street that is in search of a suitable motto. May we suggest, "Three Arts That Beat As One ?"

. . . . . .

"HAVE you heard anything about May's alliance ?"

"No, only that it is a *mésalliance.*"

. . . . . .

AN English revue actor is shortly to play a Shakespearean part. We may expect further developments.

Soon may we see George Robey with his eyebrows,
Assume a proud position with the highbrows.

And Hamlet, whom some deem a comic person,
Be tragically played by Billy Merson.

A PRACTICE MATCH By STAN TERRY

STRUGGLING YOUNG DOCTOR : "Father—let me introduce you to my practice"

And Cleopatra could not fail to please,
If played twice nightly, say, by Nelson Keys.

For Cæsar or for Lear, I don't care which,
I should engage, instanter, Little Tich.

Likewise Miss Farrar (Gwen's the girl I mean),
Could well play Portia in the P'lice Court scene !

And willingly would I invest my pence on Macbeth, were he revived by Leslie Henson.

And the Three Witches (I shan't mention names,
But know a score of girls with splendid claims !)

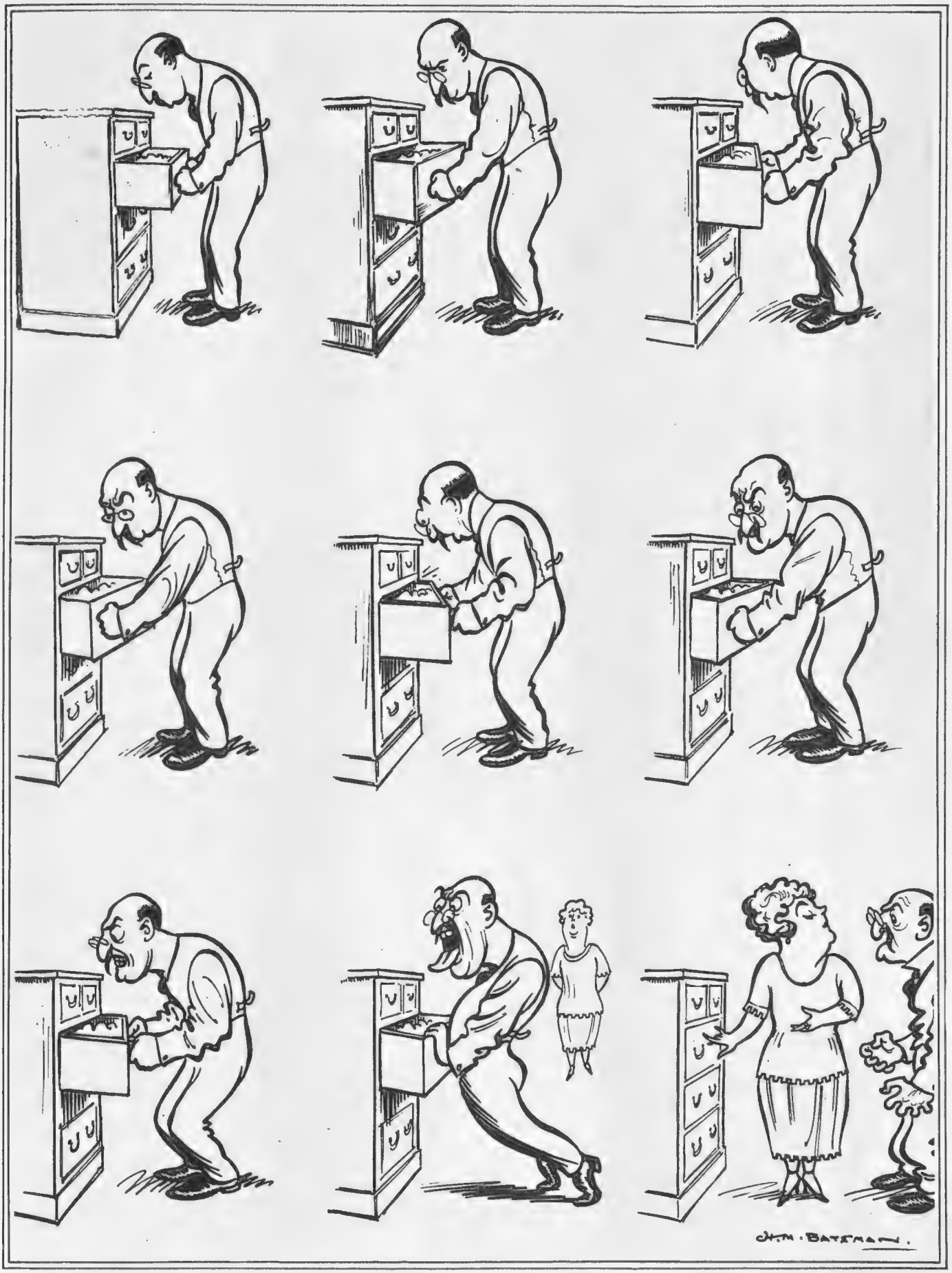
But if it comes to Wilkie being starred
As Romeo, that WOULD *insul our Bard !*

. . . . .

GIRLS in a certain biscuit factory want to join a Trades Union. Girls have always been in favour of a union—to a man !

HARTLEY CARRICK

A "Touching" Story



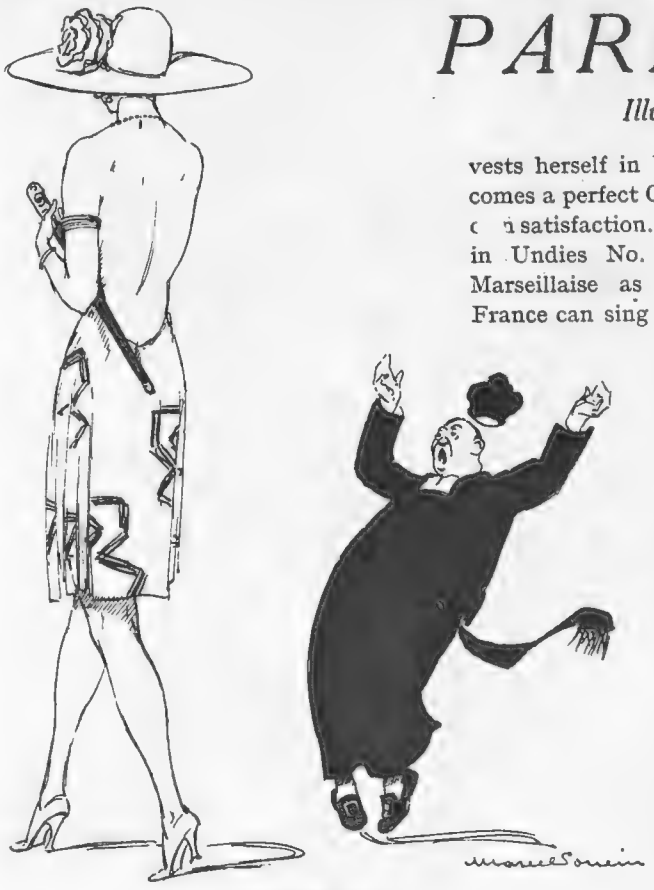
BY H. M. BATEMAN

An illustration of one of those domestic instances when a woman's touch can add so much to the amenities of a happy home life

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN



"*Décolletés du jour!*"

MES AMIS—

FAME, as Reginald Arkell says in one of his latest lyrics, vests itself in many forms. It now becomes possible to vest oneself in the same forms as fame, or, at least, as the famous. For this encouraging piece of information I am indebted to a master of his craft who is to *lingerie* what M. Patou and M. Poiret are to frocks and M. Lewis is to hats. He has received a number of orders from overseas clients who obviously possess a highly developed sense of the mail order system. In one of these was a demand for three *parures* similar to those worn habitually by Mlles. Cécile Sorel, Marthe Chenal and Mistinguett. The command was executed and authenticity of the copies guaranteed.

THIS innovation offers, clearly, most distinct advantages. Presumably the sensitive lady who could place such an order counts on coming under the influence of the apparel. She vests herself in Undies No. 1, and becomes a perfect Celiméne, at least to her own satisfaction. Or she enfolds herself in Undies No. 2 and can sing the Marseillaise as only one woman in France can sing it. Or, in a mood for mental association with the *bas-fonds* and the *faubourgs* of Belleville, she calls for the Undies Mistinguett and is able to croak most pathetically about *apaches copains*.

SO far there seems to be only one thing lacking. There has been no request that the *créatrices* of the favoured styles should autograph the copies. But that must come and, with it, insistence on authors' rights. There is surely as much personal property right in the communication of a *frisson intime* as in music or literature, or anything else for which royalties are demanded.

"Well-filled night of agony."

FOR one thing this desire for a new *frisson* is becoming quite a cult and should be paid for as any other form of pleasure. I learned the other day of a *comtesse* who has made almost an art of it. For a time, *par exemple*, she employed as chauffeur a Russian colonel who had been a chief among the Cossacks and each time he drove her down the Champs Elysées she shivered as she imagined she was being thundered along the steppes. But Polish bandits superseded Russians in Parisian notoriety and the Russian colonel lost his job when Mme. la Comtesse heard that a Polish ex-bandit was looking for an appointment as chauffeur, which promised a superior shudder. Now she is in perfect bliss. "When I engaged him," she says, "he swore to me that he had never killed anyone, but I could feel that he lied; and now, every time he drives me out, *j'ai le frisson.*"

PURSUING that earnest endeavour to bring back gaiety to a once gay city, an apostle of goodwill on earth has had a quaint idea. First signs of realisation were shown in an outbreak of tiny yellow pennants, fluttering from the bonnets of motor-cars. Welcomed as an effort to cheer up motorists, who had lately sustained a lot of casualties, it seemed quite a bright thought, as the little *oriflammes* waved so cheerily. But we learned that there was even more in it.

THE pennant was the outward and visible sign of membership of a motorists' mutual aid society, and any motorist *en panne* by the roadside might know he would receive assistance as soon as he sighted a yellow pennant coming his way. You might think one motorist would help another who had had a breakdown, whether he was flying a yellow *oriflamme* or not, but the innovator knew better. Versed in psychology, he worked on the principle that produces more subscriptions for a charity when a subscription list is

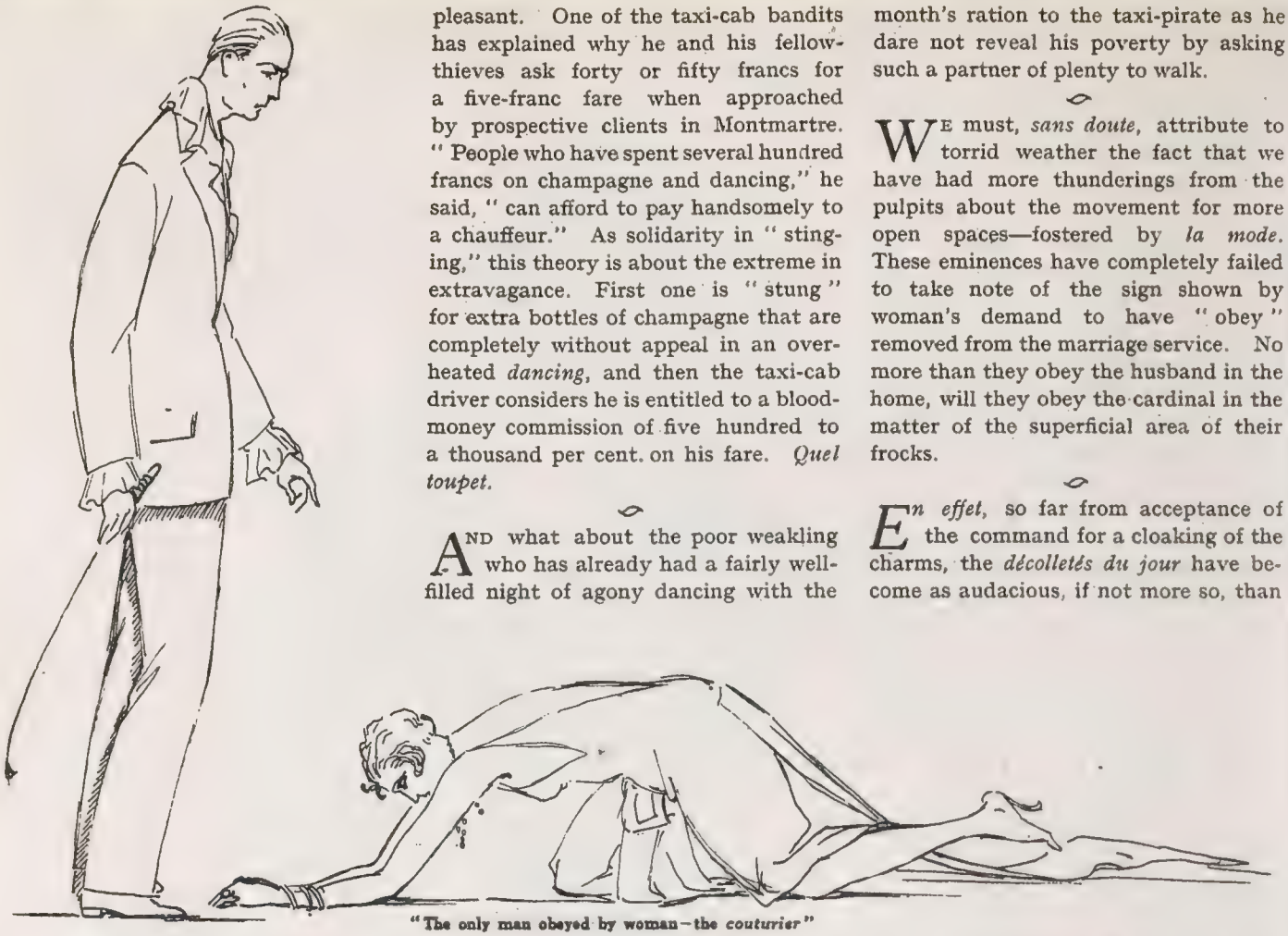
(Continued on page 324)

A Dark but Inviting Outlook

De Mirjian Studios

MISS NOEL FRANCES

A pillar of the Ziegfeld Follies at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, where Mr. "Flo" Ziegfeld industriously continues to "glorify the American Girl"—and, incidentally, edify the American Man



"The only man obeyed by woman—the *couturier*"

published—and charged seven francs for the bit of bunting.

THE *esprit de solidarité* which has been fostered by these flags really is extraordinary. At the foot of the steep Rue des Martyrs the other afternoon was a lad with a cycle delivery-van, pennant at full-mast. He pulled up the first pennanted limousine that came along and called to the chauffeur, "As we belong to the same society, you can give me a helping pull up the hill; I have a hook to fasten to your spare-wheel." And a minute after the little van had become a trailer to the limousine. In the absence of pennants, the lad would have had much more chance of being run down than run up.

BUT other ideas of solidarity that are in the air, generally unuttered and unexpressed (to the victim), are far from being so pleasant. One of the taxi-cab bandits has explained why he and his fellow-thieves ask forty or fifty francs for a five-franc fare when approached by prospective clients in Montmartre. "People who have spent several hundred francs on champagne and dancing," he said, "can afford to pay handsomely to a chauffeur." As solidarity in "stinging," this theory is about the extreme in extravagance. First one is "stung" for extra bottles of champagne that are completely without appeal in an overheated *dancing*, and then the taxi-cab driver considers he is entitled to a blood-money commission of five hundred to a thousand per cent. on his fare. *Quel toupet.*

AND what about the poor weakling who has already had a fairly well-filled night of agony dancing with the opulent heavy-weight, whom he is hoping to marry for reasons other than love. Already he has spent more than he can afford in casting his bread on the waters, but he has to cast another month's ration to the taxi-pirate as he dare not reveal his poverty by asking such a partner of plenty to walk.

WE must, *sans doute*, attribute to torrid weather the fact that we have had more thunderings from the pulpits about the movement for more open spaces—fostered by *la mode*. These eminences have completely failed to take note of the sign shown by woman's demand to have "obey" removed from the marriage service. No more than they obey the husband in the home, will they obey the cardinal in the matter of the superficial area of their frocks.

En effet, so far from acceptance of the command for a cloaking of the charms, the *décolletés du jour* have become as audacious, if not more so, than the *décolletés du soir*. There is only one man who any longer possesses the privilege of being obeyed by woman. That is the *couturier*. And, of course, he refuses to accept any blame, pretending that he is merely executing woman's orders.

STILL, there is one place where the cardinals can find the modesty they desire. That is the bathing beaches. For this season's cloaks are too expensively luxurious to be taken off for a mere affair of a bathe. RENÉ

"Modesty on the Bathing beaches"

GUN-SHOTS

Butt me no butts,
The more the merrier.
The game is up!
No grouse amours.
"What he hit is history,
What he missed is mystery!"

. . . . .

I know a young fellow called Coutts,
Who is getting too big for his boutts;
He grouses all day
If grouse don't come his way,
If they do, then he shouts as he shoutts!

"Fallen Angels"

BY CHLOË PRESTON

A problem picture wherein—for aught we know—conscience doth make "Cowards" of us all

CROSSING

An impression of yachts of the big cutter class facing a capful of wind during the racing at Cowes. The Royal yacht, "
of "Deep Waters," is now on view at the Sporting

IE LINE

BY FRANK H. MASON

toria and Albert," is seen in the centre background. An exhibition of Mr. Frank Mason's work, under the title allery, 32 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C. 2

A Swimming Stroke of Genius

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A simple device by which a cross-Channel swim can be rendered both easy and pleasant—not to mention luxurious

GOLFING GLOOMS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS*

NO. VI.—THE GAMBLE

THERE is a type of man who cannot indulge in any game of any kind whatever without having "something on it."

As the keen bridge-player is bored with playing for threepence a hundred, so does your gambling golfer become wanly disappointed if you demur that you never play for money "on principle." His natural politeness forces him to an acquiescing "of course, old chap, rather; anything you like"; but the zest has gone out of the game for him. He seems to lose all his vitality.

To my mind, one of the most remarkable phenomena of golf is to see a dozen men, all of whom are paying a reasonably honest amount of super-tax, going off the first tee on a Sunday morning, at any club you like to name, bent on extracting half-a-crown from the other fellow. It is the money that is the *raison d'être* of the matter. It is the half-crown, erroneously called "a ball," and the poignancy of its impending loss to a man—who is probably paying his chauffeur over £200 a year, the acute pleasure of its almost certain acquisition, that keeps him tuned up to the top note of concentration from first fairway to last green.

The player who always "has a ball on it," reading this, may say "Rubbish: I am just as happy playing for the love of the thing"—but he deceives himself and the truth is not in him. Give him something to play *for*, and he will be an alert, tight-lipped opponent. Play him for "love" and hear him say listlessly, "I'll give you that," when your four-foot putt is more likely, according to precedent, to be missed than sunk.

When, however, the Treasury Note, and multiples thereof, arrives upon the scene as a basis for action, the game of golf becomes then a very serious business. Possible vehement contradiction by the invariable £5 note player notwithstanding, I am convinced, after a long and extremely expensive study of the matter, that every man's attitude of mind towards his opponent changes in intensity in proportion to the amount of money at stake.

The loss of 2*s*. 6*d*. can with a commendable effort be borne stoically at the end of both the morning and the afternoon round, although you don't like parting with it because it is a tangible proof of inferiority. Wager a £5 note upon the issue, however, and see the change that takes place immediately in the partially-concealed feelings towards you of your best friend.

Worse than this, become involved, possibly owing to momentary exuberance of spirits engendered by the post-prandial port, in a four-ball with £5 corners, and see how you feel on the third green when you have not yet appeared in the putting picture.

"Gradually a gloom began to settle upon the game"

Four men will leave the Clubhouse on these occasions, each one with a jocular fraternity and love of the other three emblazoned upon his features, but as the game progresses, with its fluctuating ups and downs, observe the frigidity and dourness that become superimposed upon the face of him who is "down," and the obvious elation struggling with an ill-suppressed excitement which is apparent in the attitude of the oppressor who is for the nonce disgustingly "up."

I once watched two Americans (the vintage port at that club was exceedingly old and fruity) playing each other for a Rolls-Royce chassis. They had (practically) no secrets from each other. They had been college chums at Harvard. The purchase of such a thing as a Rolls chassis was to either of them like the buying of a garden roller would be to you and me. Their handicaps were of about equal length, and they left the first tee as two brothers-in-arms.

Gradually a gloom began to settle upon the game. A.'s face portrayed a distinct hostility towards the world in general and B. in particular when he found himself three down. His adversary was no longer the friend of his youth: he was a strongly suspect individual who seemed about to deprive him of a large sum of money. B., quietly confident up to this point and inclined towards an encouraging sympathy with a fellow-being in distress, thereupon threw the next two holes

away by a sudden attack of "head up." The gloom, now somewhat intensified, was transferred automatically from A. to B., and long, strained silences followed.

All square at the tenth, relief and a faint optimism appeared upon the features of A., to be immediately replaced by an impenetrable gloom, amounting almost to despair, when he lost the next and visualised clearly the possibility of being three down once again at the vital thirteenth.

And thus the long agony continued to its dreadful end. There was no semblance of a game about it. Neither of these men would have suffered one mental qualm if, instead of moving out of the snug smoking-room to the battlefield of the links, they had produced their cheque-books and given the amount of two Rolls chassis to the local Cottage Hospital.

Gloom of another kind, frightfully cleverly concealed, must be that which descends upon the Professional in a big match or a championship when he hears his value beginning to be discounted by members of the crowd following him. When the betting odds begin to rise and fall, Mackillicuddie in, say, the semi-final of the Open has perhaps stood at 4 to 1 on. He goes through a bad patch at the eighth and ninth holes. He hears the betting beginning to go against him; hears the sibilant whisper from sportsmen behind him, "I'll take 2 to 1 with you. . . ." "I'll lay evens. . . ." "The man is going off his game—look at that last putt!" But a Pro., having attained these heights of publicity, has to make himself impervious to all such nerve-shattering incidents. How is it done?

The most harrowing moments I have ever experienced at golf were when I formed one of the 5,000 spectators who watched Walter Hagen getting his four at the eighteenth hole in the Open Championship at Hoylake last summer. He had to do a four, you will remember, to beat young Ernest Whitcombe, who had been the marvel of the meeting. And he over-shot the green into the rough! We were packed four or five deep all round that last green. Most of us had a bet on. Most of us tried to change our bet when the ball disappeared into that stubborn grass on the edge of the green.

Hagen must have heard at least a dozen whispers of his price being lengthened drastically. It would have been the *coup de grâce* to most men. Not to him. For, as you know, he sank his putt for a four as calmly as if he was on the practice putting-green after tea.

The gloom in this case was experienced by many of the spectators because in the sinking of that putt their money had gone with it.

Sport & General

A PLYMOUTH PAIR

"Westward," the winner, owned by Mrs. Davis, following Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock," placed third, round the West mark boat in their race in the Royal Plymouth Corinthian Yacht Club's Regatta

Brainwaves from the Waves of the Solent

THE GREAT CHARM OF A MOTOR AUXILIARY IS THAT YOU ARE PRACTICALLY INDEPENDENT OF WIND AND TIDE

By C. Fleming Williams

A SWING TABLE MAKES LUNCH AN EASY MATTER WHILE UNDER WAY

The Lure of the Venetian Lido, and Some

THE PAST IN THE PRESENT

Some of the members of the Ditty Tarling School of Dancing bringing a suggestion of the Ancient East to modern Italy in a classical dance. The photograph was taken on the private beach of the Excelsior Palace Hotel

SUN AND SAND

A general view of the private beach of the Grand Hôtel des Bains showing some of the visitors who, having left their "little wooden huts," are now enjoying a sun bath before or after the morning dip. As will be noticed, there seems to be some difference of opinion as to what dress is *de rigueur* for the business. Inset, seven bathers who have *not* "gone in off the deep end"

Reasons for its Popularity Portrayed Pictorially

"THE LIDO *IS* SO BRACING!"

A troupe of dancers who find the Lido sands quite an incentive to a little mild practice work. The hats apparently serve to guard the wearers from being caught by the sun!

TWO SEA SIDE-LIGHTS

Two photographs of Maria Weiss, the film star, beside the far from sad sea waves on the private beach of the Grand Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Although she is dressed for the sea in only one of the photographs, the gentleman with her decided to be taken in his bathing dress in both cases

"WHEN IT'S NIGHT TIME IN ITALY"

An exhibition of the Serpent dance—*not* by the Serpentine but by one of the fountains in the grounds of the Excelsior Palace Hotel. Dances and cabarets are a great feature of the Lido by night

Apeing His Debtors!

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

MOTHER: "Just let me catch you trying to evolve into a man; that's all!"

YOGO HAMA'S EXCLUSIVE SERIAL

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

THIS are to inform that thisly week I shall require to have almost entirely the whole BYSTANDER for my esteemed contributings,

"Persons battling savage blows"

which I flatter to suppose shall cause your circulations to jump on leaps and bounds non-precedently by 100's of 1,000's per weekly certified net. This should make to grow very enviously green our Hon. contemporaries when they witness to observe persons battling savage blows for who shall succeed to secure the 1,000,000-th and last copy——

"Seized her neck by the hands"

"Excuse me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, I think you must have 1-ce more left your head out in the sun. I should so soon bite off my head than permit 1 contributor, even if of frightfully brilliant talents, to entirely fill Hon. BYSTANDER," you repop, Hon. Sir?

Ah, this show you to possess an awfully narrowish mind and other Editorial perks——

"Mr. Y. Hama, how you dare——"

——which proves to show that only 5-rd or 9-nd class of brains are requisite for editing purposes.

"O this are most awful libel you have ever sufficed to commit, Mr. Y. Hama! I shall make to immediately consult Scotlands Yard and other C.I.D.s to arrest you without an option."

All so well then, I ensneer, now I shall imbottle up my sleeve the cataclysmic scoopings I have succeeded to secure. Or much more better revengings still, I shall sell it for 1,000's of £'s to 1 of your most bitterish competitors like as Hon. *Lancet*, or perhapsly——

"Stop, Mr. Y. Hama, I imbeg you. Kindly to impardon my so wicked passions that completely accrue from my stomach dyspeptics which I have enjoyed from birth. Did you say 'scoopings,' Mr. Y. Hama?"

I did, Hon. Sir. But you must not flatter to suppose you can provoke me awful insultings and then change to become a horse of a different tune when you discover to find I have exclusives up my sleeve, I rebark.

"That are indeedly so, Mr. Y. Hama, and I confess you I do not merit to even kiss your hand or other enjoyable perks. Kindly to permit I should perform you my deepishly profound apologetics," you beseek?

All so well then, kindly to make advertise the as follows scooping: "Thisly issue of Hon. BYSTANDER comprises the 1-st installings of a whacking serial called Was She Nuptialled, by Yogo Hama."

"O this are indeedly an epochal scooping which has not ever before been known to occur. It should knock into 1,000's of cocked hats our Hon. contemporaries and cause them to sing extremely small potatoes," you ingurgle, Hon. Sir?

Very indeedly yes. And now I shall not any longer keep our Hon. readers suspended on tender hooks, but start this so enormous masterpiece with chapter 1 called His bloodshot Hands enstrangled her Neck. This are it:

With a horse cry between his lips, Hon. Roberto Hispanola performed 1 swiftish leap to her arms and adhered his boiling lips to her face, causing to evolve on them 3 or 5 cruel blisters.

"Will you nuptial me, Andromeda?" he ejaculed with hisses.

"O this are very awful conundrum, Hon. Roberto, but kindly to 1-st release your teeth from my ears if you are a gentleman," responded the luscious girl blushing crimsonly to her roots.

"Almost I can love you"

"Ha, ha, now I shall show you!" ensnished the Hon. Roberto. "In 2 minutes I shall kill you on the spot."

"O kindly to spare my innocents!"

"Not 1. But you shall 1-st hand me your rubeish lips which have a more beautiful flavour as honey, marmalade or other insect jams," he inchoaked.

"No, no, not for even £'s and £'s! These so fragrant lips are for the consumption of not anybody at all but the man I love," responsed the wibbling girl.

"Ha, ha, now I shall catch you in the neck," rebarked Hon. Roberto, grinding some teeth with a savage glitter like as a cannibal or other non-legitimate person.

Hissing a bloodthirsty hoot, the so wicked Hon. Roberto seized her neck by the hands and pressed same till she was almost dead from not any breath.

"This shall constrain you to love me!" he chuckered grimishly, seizing from his pockets a frightful axe.

"She snigged more closer to his chest"

"Almost I can love you, Roberto," whimpled the sweetish girl with a clotted glance from her eyes. "I cannot help to adore strong, speechless men and your axe must weigh a fearful amount of lbs."

"I are more strong as Sandow, Hercules and other heavy-weight sportsters which I could squeeze to splinters with only my fingers," he responsed in simple

"Hurled tremendously to the ground"

"Leapt to his feet"

pride tones. "I think always I have loved you," she cloyed softishly. "You have a so noble face and muscular strengths, yet suffice to be so gentle as a lamb or other non-carnivorous quadrapetal."

"And you," he hist, "have eyes like as a lily of the valley and a neck so white as a swansdown."

She snigged more closer to his chest.

"Hark to listen," she whisped, "to the birds and other sweet-tongued fowls blowing their nuptial songs. How more lushiously the sun makes to shine since——"

"Andromeda!"

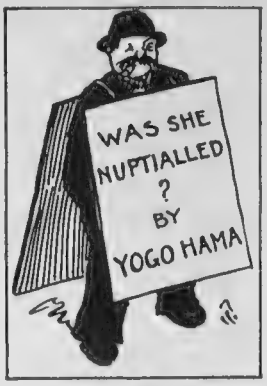
A youthish hero with clean-cut limbs and Oxford bags stood face to face with folded arms.

Ejaculing a moan, the so beautiful girl leapt to his feet and adhered herself to same.

All of a suddenly a shot exploded! A scream went up in the air and 3 bodies hurled tremendously to the ground and——

"Excuse me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, I think this serial contains almost too many excitements for Hon. Bystanders, and shall cause them to have fits and other high-strung spasms. Can you not suffice to inform whether Hon. Andromeda nuptialled Hon. hero for happy endings and call it a day?" you requesh.

"Now you shall not ever know"



"An epochal scooping"

No! I imbark, you have decapitated my flowers of eloquence, and now you shall not ever know if whether or not they were nuptialled. This shall teach you a goodish lesson to not put your spoke in other person's pies.

"Mr. Y. Hama, I imbeg you to produce some mercy. Think of the 1,000's of Hon. readers who will not ever rest until they know——"

Hoping, Hon. Sir, your good healths continue to cause favourable non-anxieties,

I remain

Yogo Hama

"TEI-KYU" IN TOKIO *James Press Agency*

This photograph, taken in the Hibiya Park at Tokio, does not mark a revolution in the history of Lawn Tennis. It merely shows what happens when the supply of Courts for practise is not equal to the demands of would-be players. Lawn Tennis (known in these parts as "Tei-Kyu" is making great strides in the Land of the Rising Sun, where, as is plainly seen, "singles" are *not* the order of the day

Though the flame of life may for a moment burn wanly, yet must she carry the burden that youth may play . . . . There is safety only if energy be carefully replaced . . . .

At all critical periods of life Horlick's Malted Milk is wonderfully good. It is a delicious combination of extracts of malted barley and wheat flour in fresh milk. It always helps.

HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK

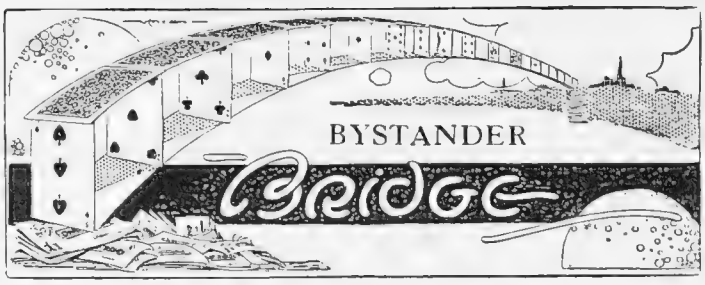
MADE IN ENGLAND

Ready in a moment with hot or cold water

At all chemists, in four sizes, 2/-, 3/6, 8/6 and 15/-
The tablets also in flasks, 7½d. and 1/3d.
A liberal sample for trial will be forwarded, post free, for 3d. in stamps.

Served in restaurants and cafés of standing

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THINKING TOO MUCH

"*Never think!*"

"Unless you have some remarkably good reason for taking your own course, *do as you are told.*"

This is a piece of advice which I read in an old book on whist, and, with certain reservations, I should like to recommend it to many Bridge players. We all have had experience of the partner who is always "thinking," and usually with fatal results. At the end of the hand he explains why he took a certain course.

"I thought ——" he begins.

Which reminds me of the peppery colonel who turned on his partner:

"You thought, sir! You thought! Who the devil asked you to think? You are here to play *the game*, sir, not to think!"

. . . . . .

Now, of course, the advice "never think" must not be taken too literally. There are perplexing hands which require thought. But the point is that if your partner has indicated to you a line of play, don't put your spoke in his wheel because you "think" that he does not know what he is doing, or because you "think" he has not got a certain card.

"Profound thought about facts which have just taken place under your own eye is the bane of whist," says the author. Why, when it is your business to go on, "lean your head against something and think"?

Pope has a line: "With some unmeaning thing they call a thought."

And it cannot be denied that some of these "thoughtful" players who adopt the strange habit of gazing intently at the ceiling are intensely irritating.

The more they *think*, the more mistakes they make.

It would be much better if they played mechanically and by rule of thumb.

. . . . . .

Questions of fact such as whether a certain card is the best of the suit or the thirteenth card of a suit can be answered by a rational being in two ways and two only. Either he knows or he does not know. To keep one's eyes on the table is more in accordance with common-sense than attempting to eliminate unknown quantities from the ceiling.

"Never think!" reiterates our author. "Know! Leave thinking to the Teuton!"

"A Briton knows, or if he knows it not, he ought." — Cowper.

After the game has begun the time for thinking is past. As soon as a card is led it is the time for action, the time to bring your previously acquired knowledge to bear. I could give scores of instances of players who go wrong because they will think too much instead of following a natural, straightforward line of play.

Slow play makes Bridge a weariness. As a rule the slower the play the worse the game. I have every sympathy with the player who, exasperated by his partner's slowness, turned on him at last with the remark:

"For Heaven's sake, partner, make your mistakes quickly!"

. . . . . .

Bumble-puppy is in some respects a more interesting game than Auction Bridge. It is more diversified. You never know what is going to happen.

Some serious-minded Bridge players do not like it. But as most of us have to play it now and then, sometimes at our clubs, but more often in private houses or in the domestic circle, it is just as well to take it philosophically. It has its humours.

. . . . . .

I cannot give you the rules of the game. There are none. The bumble-puppyist is one who persists in playing Bridge either in utter ignorance of all its known principles or in defiance of them, or both.

In the matter of bidding, anything may happen.

"I didn't know what to call, partner, so I made it 'No Trumps,'" said a player who disclosed a blank hand without a court card.

Another went to four Hearts, holding six to the Jack and no tricks outside, and was quite indignant when his partner complained.

"But I had six Hearts," he bleated.

. . . . . .

When it comes to leading, the B. is magnificent. He plays as if his one desire in the world is to befog his partner. And he succeeds. Holding King, Queen and others of a suit, he leads the Queen and, in the language of Bridge, *denies* possession of the King.

"Did you not see my Queen drew the Ace?" he inquires acidly when you do not return the suit. "I was marked with the King." He forgets that the declarer may "false card" as much as he likes, but the opposition in partnership against him must not.

And if you explain to him that his lead was wrong he poohpoohs the idea.

"I have always led that way," he says, "and I have never found any one misled by it."

. . . . . .

As a rule the bumble-puppyist thinks himself a very fine player and that everyone else is in error.

"You fellows are far too conventional," said one of this kind. "I play my own game."

And, in truth, playing his own game with three fair players often yielded the most amazing results. If it confused his partner it also bewildered the adversaries, and he sometimes won tricks which he ought to have lost.

There used to be an old whist adage, "When in doubt lead trumps." This is about the only maxim which the B. seems to observe. He appears to take a fiendish delight in leading trumps up to the strong hand and "killing" the possible cards which his partner holds.

But the bumble-puppy players do not by any means always lose. I know one or two who are eagerly sought after as partners because they have the reputation of being fine card holders. Their partners never allow them to play a hand if they can help it, and take them out of all their calls. They win and they become confirmed in their bumble-puppyism. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," they say, forgetting another proverb, that Heaven often "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

WINNERS OF FINGER-PRINT COMPETITION, No. 5

We print below the names of the readers who successfully claimed their finger-prints, published under the heading of Selection No. 5, in our issue of July 22nd. A cheque for One Guinea has been sent to each of these entrants. It is interesting to note that—so little do we know ourselves—five competitors claimed one of the winning finger-prints as their own!

W. H. Gibson, 12, Ridley Road, Harlesden, N.W.10; Miss O. Lawson Johnston, Pavenham Bury, near Bedford; F. T. Rees, "Tarquah," Ditton Hill, Surbiton, Surrey; E. A. Hare, 99, Katherine Road, East Ham, E.6; Mrs. F. Garrett, 10, Birdhurst Road, Collier's Wood, Merton, S.W.19; Miss M. M. Hulls, 100F, Queen's Buildings, Collinson Street, Boro', S.E.1; E. T. Spry, 19, Blegborough Road, Streatham, S.W.16; James Dawe, 103, Welham Road, Streatham, S.W.16; W. R. Lloyd, 29, Kingsley Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19; J. B. Oates, Galway House, 133, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.; W. G. Muir, "Garntein." Callander, Perthshire; J. D. Williams, 31, Tooting Bec Road, S.W.17; Mrs. R. P. Simons, Church Cottage, 46, Church Street, Lavenham, Suffolk; W. A. Jackson, 69, Charlotte Street, Walsall; Chas. Heiler, Ambrosden House, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1; R. Beesley, 1, Ondine Road, S.E.15.

HAVE WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOUR FINGER-PRINT YET?

You may win a Guinea every week. *For details and coupon, see page 342.*

The Second "Course" at Goodwood

LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY

AN INTERESTED PARTY OF SUPPORTERS, INCLUDING LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, MAJOR LANGTON, MAJOR and MRS. SCOTT MURRAY, MRS. LEIBERT and MRS. ALEXANDER

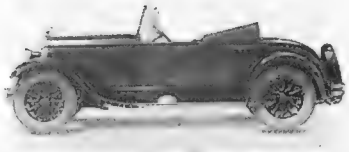
MRS. SCOTT ROBSON (left), LADY DIGBY and MRS. TREMAYNE

Photographs *Alfieri and Sport & General*

THE HON. MRS. HAROLD PEARSON, LADY JOAN VERNEY, MR. HARRY VERNEY, MISS JOYOUS VERNEY and MISS NANCY PEARSON

The "Goodwood" Polo Tournament, at Cowdray Park last week, rounded off the various days of the Race Meeting in the pleasantest possible way. The usual band of devotees, some of whom are seen above, were there in force, undeterred by the mixed weather which seemed to be specially provided for the occasion

Last year's sensation— the supreme Chrysler Six



Chrysler Six Two-Seater.

Cnrysler Six Phaeton Touring Car, price £465. Deferred paymentsarranged if desired.

Maxwell-Chrysler Motors Ltd.
3 Maxwell Works, Mortlake Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere.

The car which, last year, set the motor world agog, and which is still the most remarkable car in the history of car construction.

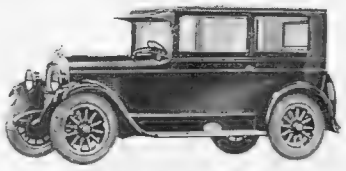
The embodiment of a new kind of motor engineering, the Chrysler Six gives results never before achieved. Its acceleration is phenomenal—from 5 to 50 in 19 seconds and quickly on to 70—all on top gear. A marvel of braking is achieved by Chrysler-Lockheed Hydraulic Four-wheel Brakes, which are self-equalising and prevent skidding. From 60 miles an hour the car will stop dead in 35 yards. Here is an engine of only 3 ins. bore consuming less than a gallon of petrol in 20 miles, yet developing over 68 horse-power. Its top speed of over 70 miles an hour is held with comfort. . . . It is even possible to corner at over 50 without a hint of sidesway, so perfect is the new Chrysler principle of springing. To drive a Chrysler Six is a new experience for the most seasoned and hypercritical of motorists.

CHRYSLER SIX

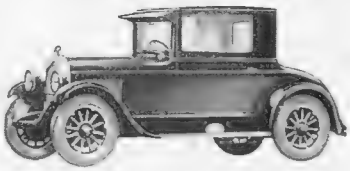
And *now*—the wonderful new Chrysler Four

A great new four-cylinder car—as amazing in its class as the famous Chrysler Six. The first car at its price with Hydraulic Four-wheel Brakes.

This car will swing along the road at over 60 miles an hour. It will take bends without a trace of sidesway. It will run smoothly over rough roads and cobble-stones. It leaps forward on top gear—from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 8 seconds; its acceleration is nothing short of a marvel for a four-cylinder engine. It has Chrysler - Lockheed Hydraulic Four-wheel Brakes—which are always perfectly compensated and require no attention. Its petrol consumption is 30 miles to the gallon. It is unusually comfortable, exceedingly handsome, extraordinarily strong—an extraordinary car—unrivalled, and not likely to be rivalled, in any single point of performance by any car on the road in its price class. Everyone interested in cars of any type or price should write for the booklet describing the new Chrysler Four in full detail.



Chrysler Four Coach.



Chrysler Four Coupé.

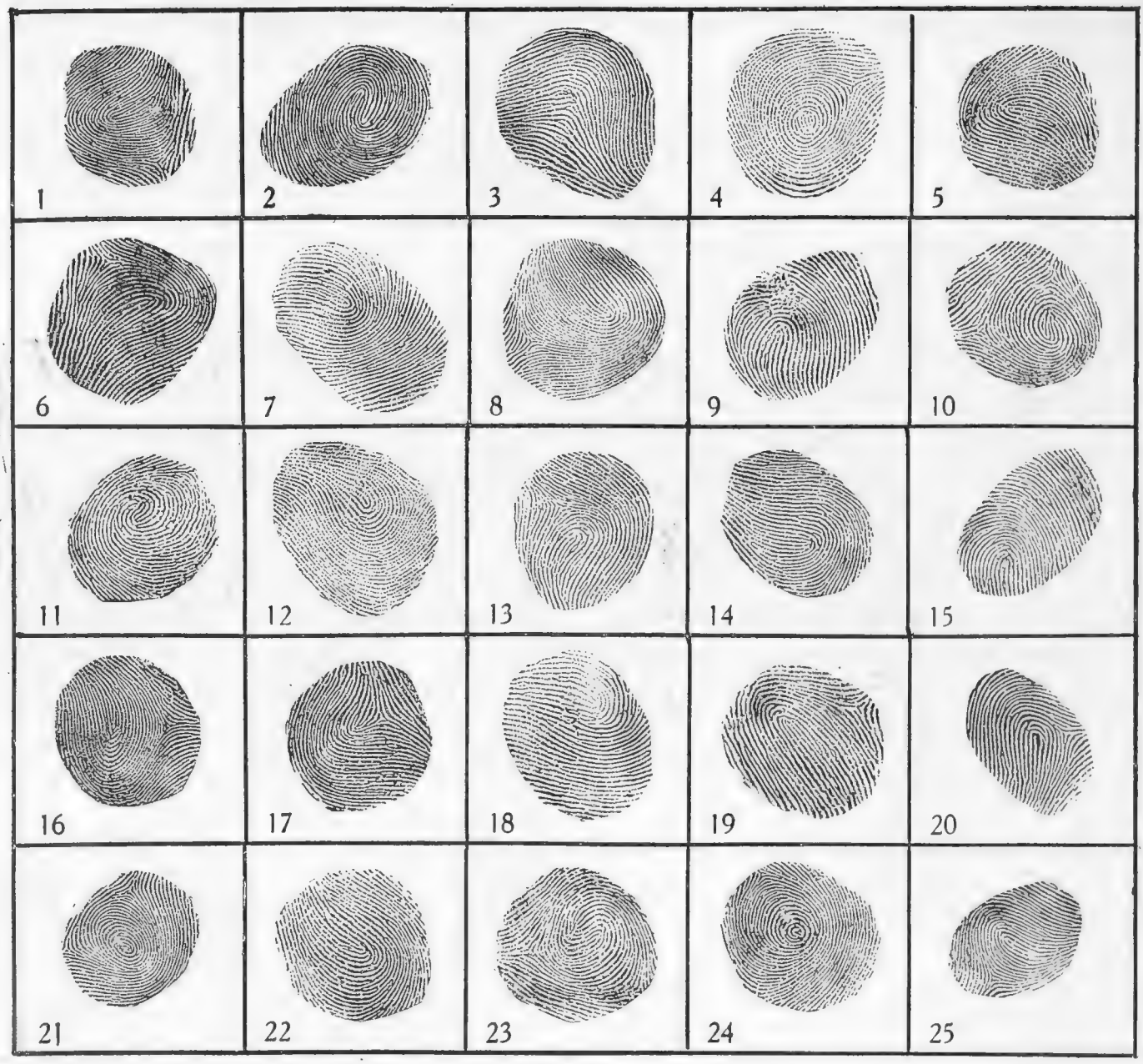
Chrysler Four Touring Car (large illustration above), price £335. Deferred payments arranged if desired.

Maxwell-Chrysler Motors Ltd.
8 Maxwell Works, Mortlake Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.

Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere.

CHRYSLER FOUR

MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT



SELECTION No. 7

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before July 27. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, August 10. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of August 19) examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own finger-print from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims in the case of the selection reproduced above should reach us by first post on Wednesday, August 12, the envelope being marked "CLAIM No. 7"

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified.
The Editor's decision is final

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 9

August 5, 1925

Name.....

Address .....

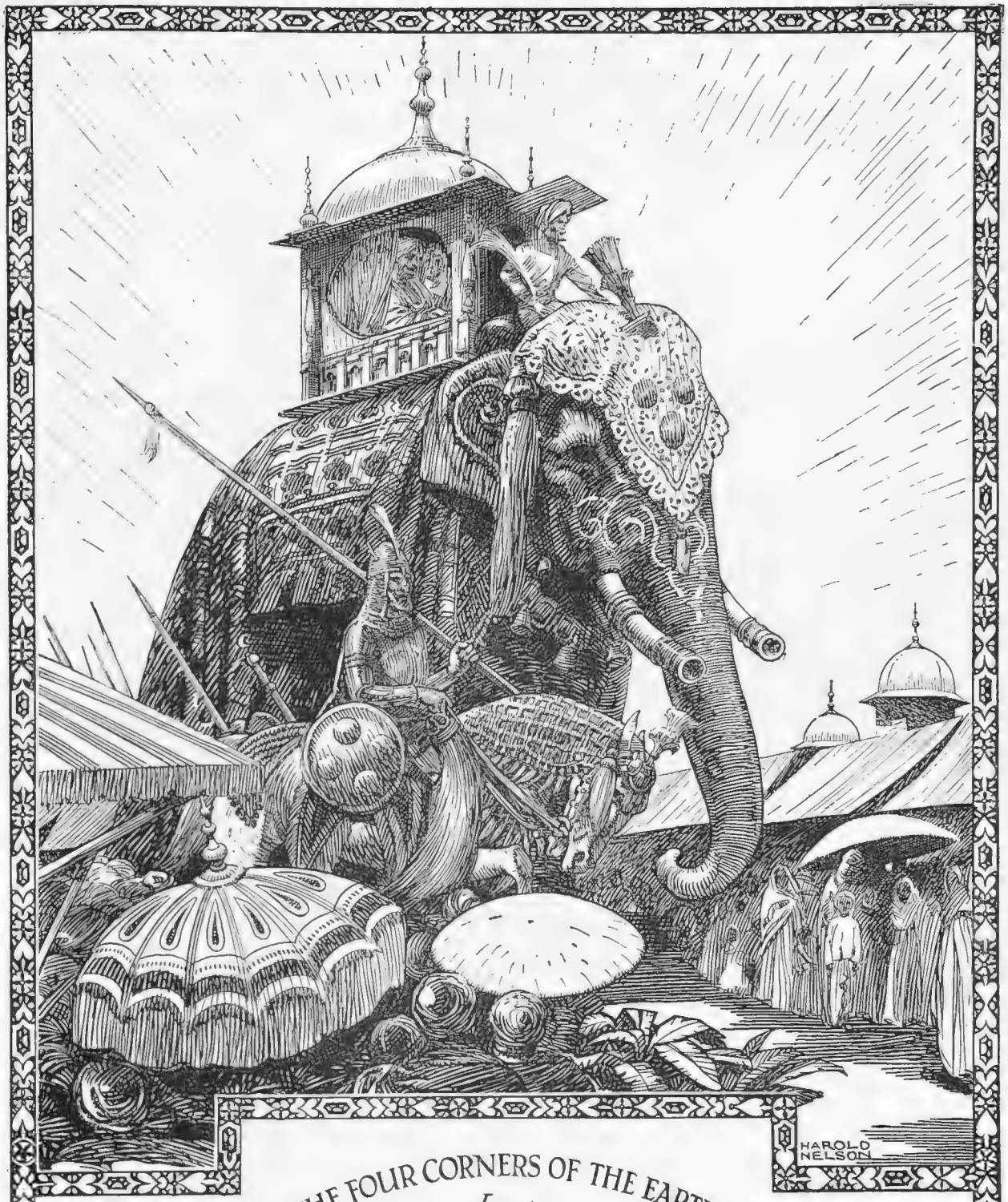
.....

.....

This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, August 10

Only one thumb to be placed in this square.

A list of prize-winners who successfully identified their finger-prints in our fifth selection (published July 22) will be found on page 340.



THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH

~East~

In the colour and grandeur of the Orient there lies a strange allurement. The wonder of its historic traditions, the magnificence of its pageantry and the wisdom of its philosophic charm unite to captivate mind and body as readily as.....

DEWAR'S

TUITION V TRICKERY

EDUCATE YOUR DOG

By "THE KENNELMAN"

RIGHTLY understood, the *education* of Dogs embraces the most fascinating part of human-canine companionship; but, even in these days, its understanding is not general. Space limitations make it difficult for Kennelman to touch so big a subject; but he would like to commend to the readers of these Notes the following passage from the letter of "Lieut.-Colonel, Ret.," and to suggest also that some of the well-supported organisations devoted to British canine interests might concentrate propaganda activity upon improving public knowledge regarding doggy education:

"True education for children means the training of their intelligence; not the stocking of their minds with facts, as housewives fill cupboards. So with Dogs: the development of their naturally keen understanding, not the teaching of imbecile antics and mechanical trickery, is the only worth-while education humans can give. It's natural the present doggy boom should lead lay newspapers to the quoting of examples of alleged intelligence displayed by Dogs; but the most of those selected for publicity (apart, of course, from heroic life-saving, or the like) would sicken the average Dog of my acquaintance, if in an evil moment he acquired the newspaper-reading habit, as some may, presently, since I note one lady takes pride in her Terrier having been taught to 'spell his own name,' by placing the letters composing it in the right order on the floor; from which it is assumed that there are few Dogs 'whose education is as far advanced.' My personal experience has been mainly confined to gun-Dogs; but, thank goodness, I never handled one for more than a week without seeing him reach a stage considerably ahead of that shown by such mechanical piffle as poking letters about, or sitting up to 'beg!' The best thing to be said for such monkey tricks is that they *might* help discipline a bit; though not nearly so much as the teaching of rational lessons.

"Pray don't think I'm pleading for anything elaborate, technical, abstruse; quite the contrary; only for the teaching of things worth knowing, instead of wasting canine teachability over trickery. Walking in her garden the other day with a lady beloved of her grandchildren, I noticed her favourite Dog, a silver-thatched Dandy, showing some excitement beside a wall which I knew skirted a by-road. Investigation showed him mounting guard over a torn package of ham and beef sandwiches—*but not touching them.* 'People are so thoughtless in the way they throw food about,' said Grandmamma. 'Apart from the waste, they forget how easily it may become poison.' That Dandy has as keen an appetite as any Dog I know; but, albeit only 18 months old, his education prevents his *touching* a scrap of any food not served to him in the orthodox way. Not long since, I was in the Park with a little niece, aged twelve, and her Sealyham, aged two—Sealy on the lead. 'Just a moment please!' said my niece, as naturally as if about to refasten a shoe-lace. Sealy had pulled over to the left, his small mistress promptly following across the broad footpath to the gutter. A few moments later Sealy had clearly said 'Thank-you!' and was at heel again. Subsequent observation has shown me that, like all my own Dogs, Sealy has learned never to misuse a footpath. Any Dog will learn it, but how many are taught? At luncheon on the deck of a house-boat, I noted the surprise of a young man over a Wire-haired Fox-Terrier's refusal of a bit of steak from a cold pie. 'Doesn't he like meat, then?' 'Loves it, 'replied his mistress, 'but he's been taught where and when he may eat, and nobody could tempt him from the table.' Such little lessons represent *real* education."

They truly do; as do others, in "pure intelligence;" which must wait for another occasion.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The Holiday Season

AFTER Goodwood comes a sort of lull in the racing world. Plenty of meetings are being held, but they are rather of the holiday variety. The racing army is scattered while holiday-making, and it will not be until York at the end of the month that the "forces" will get together again. Trainers have been giving their St. Leger horses an easy time, but soon they must begin to work them again in earnest. Sometimes the results at Goodwood throw interesting light upon the prospects of the last of the classic events, but it was not the case this time. Solario might have gained an easy victory there, but his owner preferred not to call upon him for this effort with the St. Leger in view. The trainer of the colt was good enough to tell me a few days ago that he is perfectly satisfied with the progress Solario is making.

Will Manna Stay?

NATURALLY Reggie Day is hopeful that he will win at Doncaster, but he does not disguise from himself the fact that the colt will have no light task. I gather that the Terrace House trainer believes the greatest danger will be Manna. I expressed the opinion that Solario will outstay Manna on the Town Moor, but Day is not supremely confident about that. It all depends, he said, upon how the race is run. Unless there is a strong pace, the Derby winner may get the course all right. We have seen the St. Leger won in the past by horses who were certainly not great stayers. Black Jester is an example which occurs to me.

Whatcombe Colts

I DARE say the Whatcombe stable will start something for the race with a view to setting a pace for Zionist and Zambo. There does not appear to be a great deal between these two colts, though until lately Zionist possessed the better home reputation. My own idea is that Zambo is the more generous of the pair. He is such a game-hearted customer that you cannot leave him out of the reckoning in any race for which he may compete. After various disappointments with Diophon, the Aga Khan succeeded in getting a good race out of him at the recent Liverpool meeting. This much-discussed horse now retires to the stud with his reputation restored.

Pharos

PHAROS does not lose much caste by his failure in the Liverpool Cup, for he had a great weight on his back. I doubt, however, whether it was weight which beat him at Aintree so much as the fact that he had not had a race for a long time. Anyway, he distinctly failed to produce his accustomed dash in the race. Pharos needed to be at the very top of his form if he was to give 14 lb. to Winalot, who is an exceptionally good horse just now. Indeed, if his owner keeps him in training Winalot may have to be considered for cup honours at Ascot next year. That may be looking a long way ahead, but our high-class stayers are few and far between. Both St. Germans and Sansovino for the time being are under a cloud. The only explanation of the former's loss of form is that he has gone stale. Sansovino met with a slight mishap a month or two ago, but Mr. George Lambton is hopeful that he will be all right for the autumn campaign.

Sussex Selections

BRIGHTON and Lewes continue the Sussex fortnight. Writing before the appearance of the acceptances, it seems to me that **Grand Joy** has a very reasonable chance of winning the Brighton Cup under top weight on Wednesday. If **Eva's Choice** remains in the Three-Year-Old Handicap on the following day I shall be inclined to risk a little each way on her, for I know that on her home gallops the filly is pretty useful. I have marked down **Mermaid,** who ran so well at Liverpool, as a likely winner of the De Warrenne Handicap at Lewes on Friday. On the second day of the meeting, **Corcyrian** may do Wootton's stable a good turn by taking the Lewes Handicap.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

The entrance to the Royal Yacht Squadron's Club House at Cowes Castle. H.M. the King comes ashore.

THE WORLD'S PREMIER YACHT CLUB

First built by Henry VIII to protect his shipyards on the River Medina, there is a Castle at Cowes, I. of W., which, in August every year, becomes the scene of one of the world's most exclusive gatherings, for no money can buy admittance to the lawns and enclosures where once the old fortress stood.

Cowes Castle is the home of the Royal Yacht Squadron, first formed by yachting enthusiasts at the "Thatched House" in St. James's Street in 1815, and a club ever in Royal favour. George IV made it "Royal," William IV changed the title to "Royal Yacht Squadron," and because of the Club's national utility in the days of our "wooden walls," the Admiralty moved to grant members the singular privilege of flying the White Ensign.

Regatta Week at Cowes has been, since the early days of the late King Edward, one of the greatest social functions of the season, and to be a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron is an enviable distinction.

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.

By Appointment.

John Haig

OLDEST DISTILLERS OF SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED 1627

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ANOTHER HOLD-UP *Lenare*

Divina looking at things from quite a new angle, what time her partner, Charles, executes a little "hold-up" on his own account. Divina and Charles, who are appearing with great success in the Trocadero cabaret, will shortly be seen in a new revue in the West End

FEMINA

HOUSEHOLD AQUARIUMS.

By MRS. M. VINCE

AQUARIUMS are fascinating things. The new Aquarium at the Zoo, where you walk in darkness looking into the brightly-lighted tanks that are like beautiful little living pictures, is, I think, more attractive than anything else there; and it is that part of the Zoo where you feel least the sadness of wild things in captivity. The old Aquarium at Brighton, even with its air of desertion and decay, is still one of the most interesting of Brighton things. After the crowds and glitter of the sea-front, you do feel in it the peace and stillness of the depths of the sea. It is a tenacious old thing. It still survives in spite of the efforts to replace it with something more modern and profitable. I remember once seeing there a jolly, stout Cockney stop in front of some most comically grotesque fish from the South Seas. He beamed delightedly at the sight of it, and called his family to "hurry up and see a real live bloater."

BUT although I love aquariums, I do not like the modern fashion of household aquariums. The old household aquarium was a bowl of goldfish. The new is a bathroom painted to represent the bottom of the sea. There is such a bathroom at Wembley this year. Its walls are covered with swimming fishes, seaweed, coral and shells. I saw another recently in a flat. This was also a realistic painting of the bottom of the sea. The difference between them was simply that the Wembley bathroom was well painted and the other badly painted. But in either case the idea seems to me all wrong. It is an affectation that is both incomplete and unmeaning.

IF, in such a bathroom, you really had the delightful feeling, as you looked at the fishes, that your cold bath was the sea, then when you had a hot bath you would feel most uncomfortably out of place. To be complete such a bathroom would have to have two baths, in two separate compartments, one for hot and one for cold. The walls of the cold bathroom would have the fishes and the seaweed and the sea, the walls of the hot bathroom would, to carry the idea out properly, be painted with the vegetation and scenery of those springs of boiling water which are found in some parts of the tropics.

THAT is where the aquarium bathroom is incomplete. It is unmeaning, because if it had a meaning at all it would be an unpleasant one. We do not swim at the bottom of the sea, and those who have such bathrooms would probably be the first to express alarm if they suddenly found themselves in the middle of a shoal of fish when they were bathing in the sea. Anyone who was really sensitive to the suggestion of such walls would not splash the more joyously when he looked at the fish and seaweed, feeling himself to be swimming at Brighton. He would rush out of the bathroom to breathe, feeling himself drowning in the Pacific.

THE aquarium bathroom is a development of the earlier "sea-side" bathrooms, the bathroom with its walls painted to represent waves. I remember mentioning two such bathrooms in THE BYSTANDER some years ago. They were bathrooms in one suite of an hotel, and were known as the Atlantic and Mediterranean bathrooms, one being painted with green waves, the other with blue, and each having bath salts coloured to match the waves. According to the weather, the luxurious occupier of the suite could choose each morning which "sea" he would prefer.

THIS was the idea carried to an extreme, but the bathroom painted with waves is not uncommon in private houses. This is just as much an affectation without meaning as the aquarium bathroom. You can see that it is so in another way. If fishes and seaweed, or even waves, painted on the walls really gave us, in the bath, the freedom and freshness of swimming in the open sea, we should not confine such realism to the bathroom—we should have it in all the rooms; and we should change their walls according to the season. We should have winter landscapes for the ordinary summer heat, and polar scenes for extreme heat. We should have pictures of hot cornfields and dusty summer roads for the winter, with a few blazing desert pictures to hang up when the frost was severe. We should paint trees bent before the wind on the walls of stuffy rooms, and cover the walls of dark rooms with pictures of powerful electric lights, or rows and rows of lighted candles.

AS a matter of fact we do none of these things. If we want to give rooms the feeling of coolness, or of space, or of warmth or of light, we do not do it by any such obvious and crude realism. We do it by the choice of colours in the decoration, by the arrangement of the furniture, by the patterns of the carpets and covers and curtains. The same is just as true of the bathroom. You can have a cool bathroom, or a warm bathroom, a cosy bathroom, or a spacious bathroom, but you do not do it by painting fishes or waves or the seashore on its walls.

"P. T." DE LUXE *L. Butner*

A class evidently enjoying the tuition of the open-air school for physical culture which has been started at the Palace Hotel at Villars, above the Rhône Valley, in Switzerland. The large round object is not a prize pumpkin, but a push-ball

a girl in a gossamer gown

Every woman longs to include a lace dress in her wardrobe — its frail loveliness is so kind to her appearance.

The reproach of extravagance need never give a guilty twinge to the woman who knows how to care for her lace dress. Dry cleaning can be saved by the use of filmy Lux diamonds whipped up to a rich foam in hot water—then cooled until barely lukewarm—and the cleansing suds squeezed through the fabric.

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The Art of Not Worrying

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *August* 3

DEAR COUSIN—

IT reminds one, somehow, doesn't it, the date I've just put at the top of this letter? It was a sultry August Bank Holiday, that one of eleven years ago, that even you and I can

"Capital things short skirts are"

quite well remember. Hot and still and heavy, but even more oppressive than anything the sun could do was the thought of what hovered, vibrated in the air, infinitely more menacing than a thousand thunderstorms.

A SORT of tense hush then lay over London . . . though lots had gone on holiday just the same. Astonishingly, perhaps—but what was there for the mere millions to do? And after all, it's rather our national principle, isn't it, never to believe anything can possibly happen till it does? Which is, in sooth, not at all such a bad principle in its way, and perhaps in the end the Great War was won on the playing fields of Brighton, Folkestone, Margate, Blackpool, etc., as the old saying goes (only improved for the occasion).

NOT worrying overmuch beforehand . . . it's really a wonderful gift, especially as nine times out of ten the worries eventually fail to materialise. And even if this was to be the tenth time, I don't think even the few *cognoscenti*, like K. of K., ever guessed quite how colossal and awful and devastating this sudden crash was going to turn out, that happened all in a moment. And above all, how dreadfully and tragically long, so seemingly eternal in its slow cruelty, that when the end came it was almost as much a surprise as the beginning. . . .

THE worst bitterness has passed, and no longer does it make us feel too poignantly, because they too (as the War poet sang) loved the sun and the wind and the rain,

The heartbreak at the heart of things.

Yet we haven't forgotten, however much it may be the pose to pretend to have—I don't quite know why, unless, perchance, it be a rather awkward thought and remembrance to some in high places.

THAT there are, I mean, so many thousands of men who fought in the War still in want, and so many thousands, too, still in hospital, for the "duration"—of their own poor maimed and mangled lives. And not much left, alas, of the old war-time enthusiasm about bringing them cigarettes and flowers, or taking them out for motor drives, either. Though at the very first whisper that poor old St. Paul's has got his dome just a bit cracked, or something, up roll the subscriptions in tens and hundreds of thousands.

"Madame Pompadour in the Palace of Beauty at Luna Park"

"We have not forgotten"

AS Lord Haig writes to THE BYSTANDER, "There is still only too ample reason for making this national anniversary the occasion of a special appeal" for the work of the British Legion, which last year relieved over 300,000 cases of distress. So send your cheques, everyone, for all and more than you can afford, to the Organizing Secretary, Appeal Department, British Legion, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1—just to show *you* at any rate haven't forgotten eleven years ago.

WELL, it's Cowes Week again, too—*that* time, you remember, Cowes was the very first of our peace-time affairs to go crack—and is going to be, by all signs and symptoms, quite a bright and breezy show, and a fitting sort of nightcap to this rather record Season. But how times have changed at the celebrated regatta! No longer does every one dress up in aggressively nautical garb, as if they owned at least one yacht, and you can go strolling in Cowes streets or eat a rich tea on the so exclusive lawns of the R.Y.S. in the quite ordinary clothes of an ordinary human being. And a good thing too, for anything more unbecoming to most of us than those old peaked caps and those would-be saucy sailor collar and ties it's hardly possible to imagine.

TALKING about clothes, nice to know there's yet another doctor on our side, who says the fewer the better, and what capital things short frocks are that don't begin too soon, so's to collect all the ultra-violet rays that are going. And what's more, word of advice to men too, to "get rid of the close collar and long trousers." Says it quite calmly he does, just like that, as if he didn't in the least bit realise the vastness of the proposed revolution.

NOT that men don't look much nicer, most of them, in the open kind of shirt they play cricket and lawn tennis and things in. And "plus fours" are ever so much more becoming than those flapping bags (Oxford or otherwise)—always supposing, that is, there's a passable leg inside. But then for that matter, the ankleless and otherwise imperfect among us have a much heavier burden to bear in the way of exposing their defects to the gaze of a cold and cruel world. But have *they* ever shrunk from the ordeal? No—brave and heroic women—hardly a single one.

LOTS of chat going on just now about the new dance called the Charleston, which has just come over from America, and that some of the dance experts are solemnly wagging their heads over and saying it is vulgar. But as danced at the Piccadilly for instance, by Annette Mills and Robert Sielle—also now in the *Nine to Eleven Revue* at the Little—must confess the only thing I've got to say against it is that, though picturesque and pleasing, it's a bit too much on the complicated side for most people to bother to learn. For though we still dance gaily of a summer evening after one of those attractive little dinners in, say, the Oak Room of that not *too* too Bohemian restaurant, the Rendezvous in Dean Street, we somewhat seem to have quite grown out of the old passion for new steps, and just take the simplest short cut all the time, so to speak.

"At the Rendezvous"

ALREADY, by the way, they're talking of a big Armistice Night Ball at the Albert Hall—looking well ahead for forthcoming glittering gaieties, what? Some past glories being revived, too, as witness The Pears Palace of Beauty, which has moved from its last year's home at Wembley. The "lovely ladies of dim, distant days" (quoted she) are now "positively appearing in London's latest play-ground," yclept and to wit Luna Park, where they are doing so much to raise the necessary so that poor dear Middlesex Hospital shan't have to fall down after all.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

By Appointment

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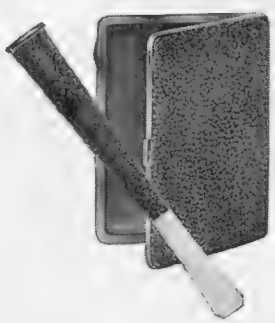

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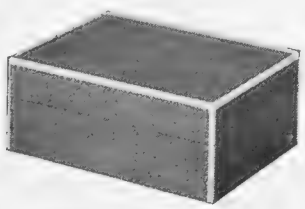

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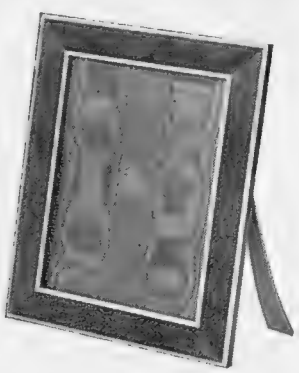

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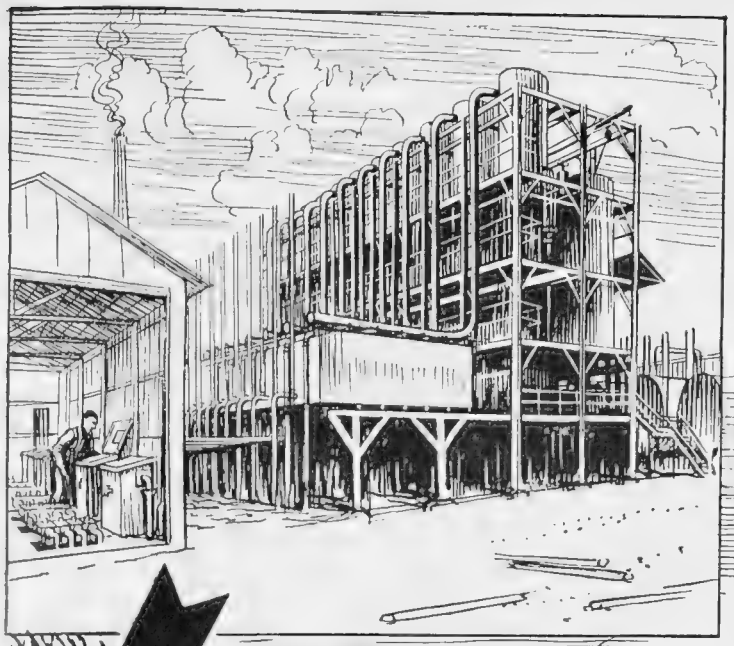

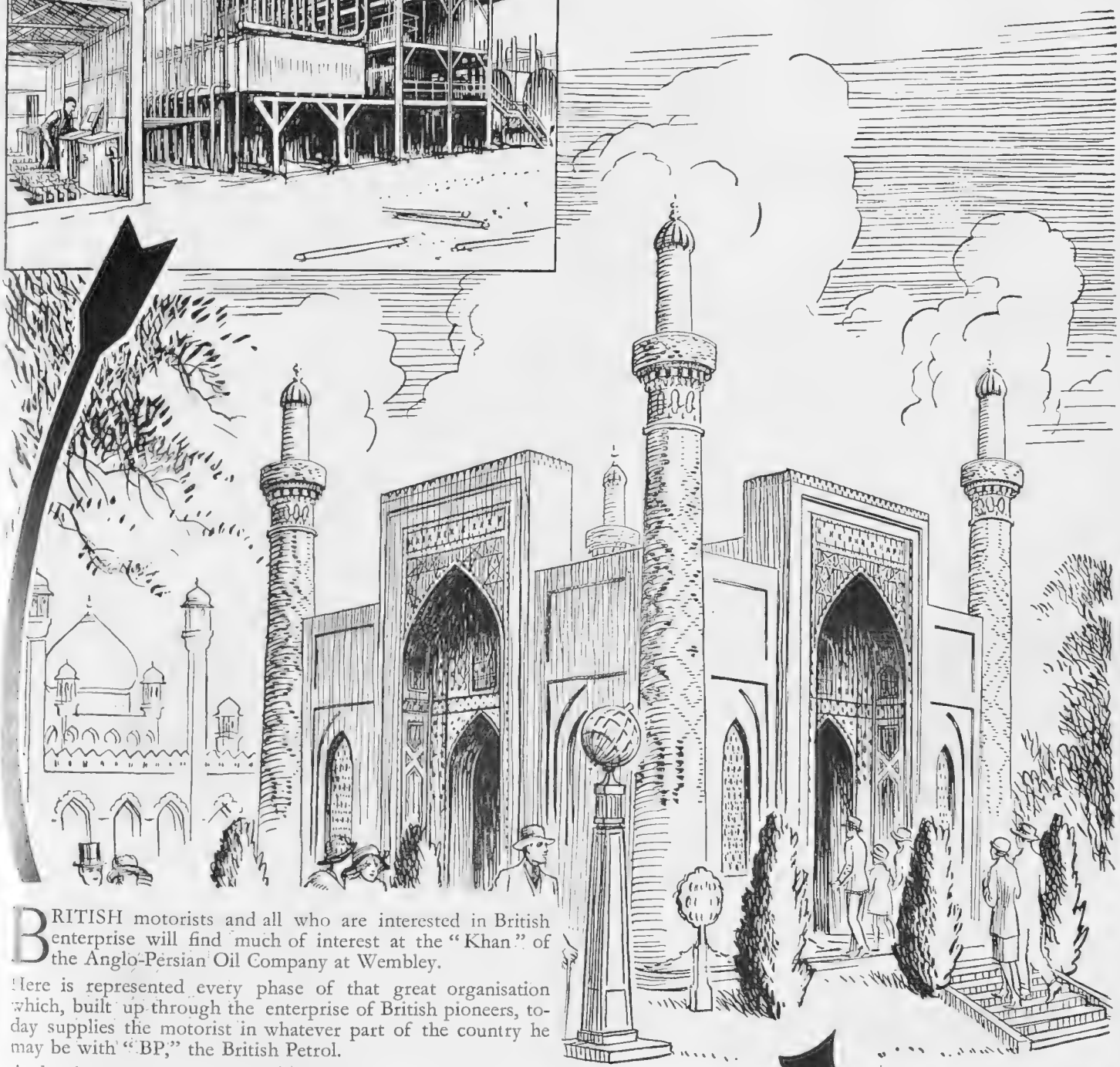

BRITISH motorists and all who are interested in British enterprise will find much of interest at the "Khan" of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company at Wembley.

Here is represented every phase of that great organisation which, built up through the enterprise of British pioneers, to-day supplies the motorist in whatever part of the country he may be with "BP," the British Petrol.

And when you have visualised the drilling of wells, the pumping of crude oil, the long ocean voyage from the Persian Gulf to the great refinery at Llandarcy—when you have considered some of the intricacies of the organisation which delivers "BP" to every town and village throughout the country—then you can see the photographs and the story of the men who have achieved fame in the world of motoring, with the aid of this British Petrol. For in the strenuous test of competition and racing, "BP" has proved itself to be Best as well as British.

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C.N.DILLY '25

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CAMERA NOTES

THE HOLIDAY CAMERA.

By T. L. J. BENTLEY

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS
A mountain valley at Schäckenthal, Uri, in Switzerland

DURING the holiday season pre-eminently, photography is the pastime of the multitude, and no holiday party, whether bound for one of the seaside resorts at home or touring centres abroad, seems to be complete without at least one enthusiastic snapshot-maker.

This year in particular the luck of the weather has been with the photographer, and it may be anticipated that many a holiday-maker who has not previously yielded to the lure of the camera will be sorely tempted by the promise of the early summer to invest hurriedly in a camera, with which to bring back a few mementoes of the keenly-anticipated holiday. To such, appalled perhaps by the variety of types and range of price of the cameras displayed by the dealers, a few words of guidance may be welcome.

The Beginner's Choice

THE absolute novice, who has no ambitions beyond securing a few presentable records of the scenes and companions of his holiday, is best served by the simplest and cheapest type of camera. For this purpose there is nothing to beat a box-form roll-film camera, such as may be obtained for less than a sovereign, or a modest folding roll-film camera, not larger than a quarter-plate, and equipped, for instance, with an *f*/11 achromatic or *f*/8 R.R. lens.

A simple box-form camera has the merits of instant readiness for use and absolute simplicity. There are no adjustments whatever to give occasion for error and, if the spool is wound each time and restraint is used in making snapshots when conditions are obviously unfavourable, it is not easy to avoid getting reasonably good results.

Though sacrificing something in simplicity, the folding roll-film models offer corresponding advantages, particularly the ability to focus the image by scale according to the estimated distance of the subject. A variable, speeded shutter is another point which may be claimed, but in the cheaper models this advantage is of doubtful value.

Focussing Difficulties Solved

BUT the amateur who welcomes the wider scope given by a lens of moderately large aperture is up against the difficulty that with either of the above types focussing on near objects is a matter of guess-work, unless it is practicable to measure the distance by pacing. Those who are conscious of misgivings in this respect may be given a hint to visit a dealer and examine one of the very ingenious roll-film reflex cameras marketed by two British makers. Taking 3¼ by 2¼ inch roll-film and fitted with an excellent focussing anastigmat lens of aperture *f*/7.7, this particular type is one that should very admirably meet the needs of the holiday-maker who is prepared to expend four guineas upon his photographic equipment.

Interested readers are invited to apply to Messrs. Peeling and Van Neck, Ltd., 4-6, Holborn Circus, E.C.1, for a descriptive booklet which admirably illustrates the entire range of Goerz hand-cameras, including the Box Tengor and folding Tengor models.

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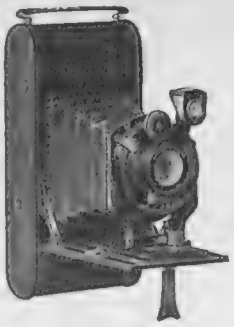

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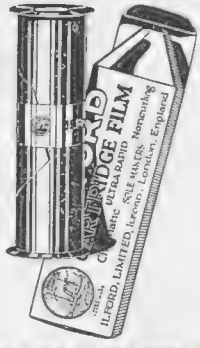

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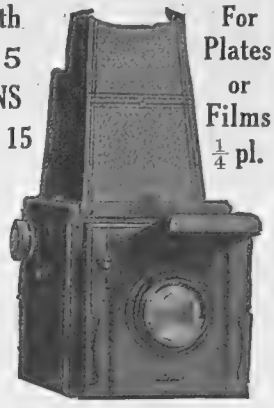

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MOTOR NOTES

TEA FOR TWO—AND THE REST [*Central News*

A halt for tea by the wayside on one of the motor tours-de-luxe arranged by Motorways, Ltd., of Wigmore Street. The door at the back of the road Pullman leads to the miniature kitchen compartment, in which refreshments are prepared en route

FOLLOWING the introduction of the 40-50 h.p. New Phantom Rolls-Royce, its makers now announce several modifications in the 20 h.p. model. All chassis of this horse-power which are now ordered can be obtained with right-hand change speed and brake levers and a four-speed gear box, without addition to the usual chassis price, namely £1,100. The Rolls-Royce six-brake system can now be fitted to all 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis ordered at present at an extra cost of £85. It will be remembered that when the 20 h.p. was first introduced a certain amount of criticism was directed against it owing to the fact that it had centre change, a three-speed gear box, and no four-wheel brakes. These criticisms now fall to the ground.

* * *

THE fitting of four-wheel brakes to the "Twenty" has involved the re-design of certain components, notably the front axle to receive the brakes and the gear box to receive the servo. The action of the brake system is the same as in the case of the larger chassis. Pressure on the pedal applies the rear brakes in the usual way and by a patented arrangement simultaneously engages the servo. The latter, which operates equally for forward or backward movement of the car, applies the front brakes and adds its effort to the pedal pressure for the rear brakes. In the new four-speed gear box the top speed is the same as in the case of the three-speed box, but the third and second ratios respectively are arranged a little above and a little below the previous second-speed ratio. The new first-speed ratio is slightly lower than before. Excellent as has been the performance of the 20 h.p. in the past it should be even better in the future with these latest improvements.

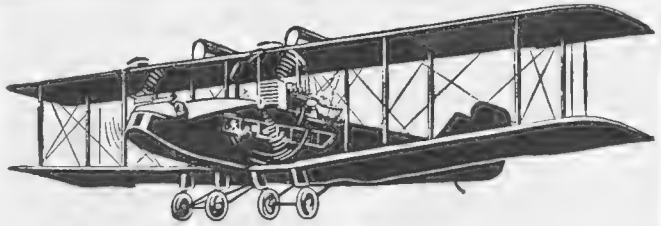
* * *

THE unfortunate death of Ascari in the French Grand Prix at Montlhéry proves once again how highly dangerous modern motor racing has become. The present two-litre cars can develop something in the neighbourhood of 160 horse-power, and can propel the car at speeds in excess of two miles per minute. The racing cars themselves weigh something in the neighbourhood of 15 cwt. The combination of high power and light weight render these cars practically unmanageable on anything except the smoothest surface. A movement is on foot to restrain the speed of the cars, either by increasing their weight or wind resistance or by decreasing the power of the engine.

* * *

THE recent thunderstorms have revived the old topic as to whether one is safer inside or outside the car, and whether the tyres being wet or dry render one more liable to be struck by lightning. That lightning may have a direct effect on a car was recently proved by a friend of mine on a 14 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley, who was returning home while the storm was at its height. Twice in the course of the run vivid flashes of lightning and tremendous peals of thunder synchronised immediately over the car, and on both occasions the magneto momentarily ceased work, much to the alarm of the owner and his passengers. After each flash the driver was temporarily blinded and the light from the head lamps seemed practically useless.

GEORGE C. STEAD



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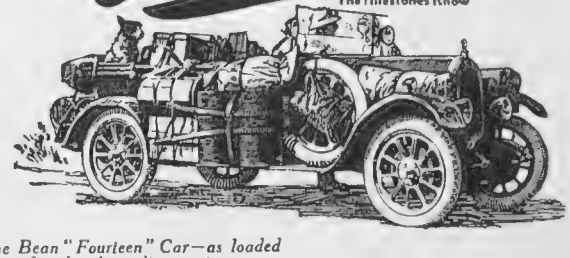

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No. 1,131.—Vol. LXXXVII. Wednesday, August 5, 1925

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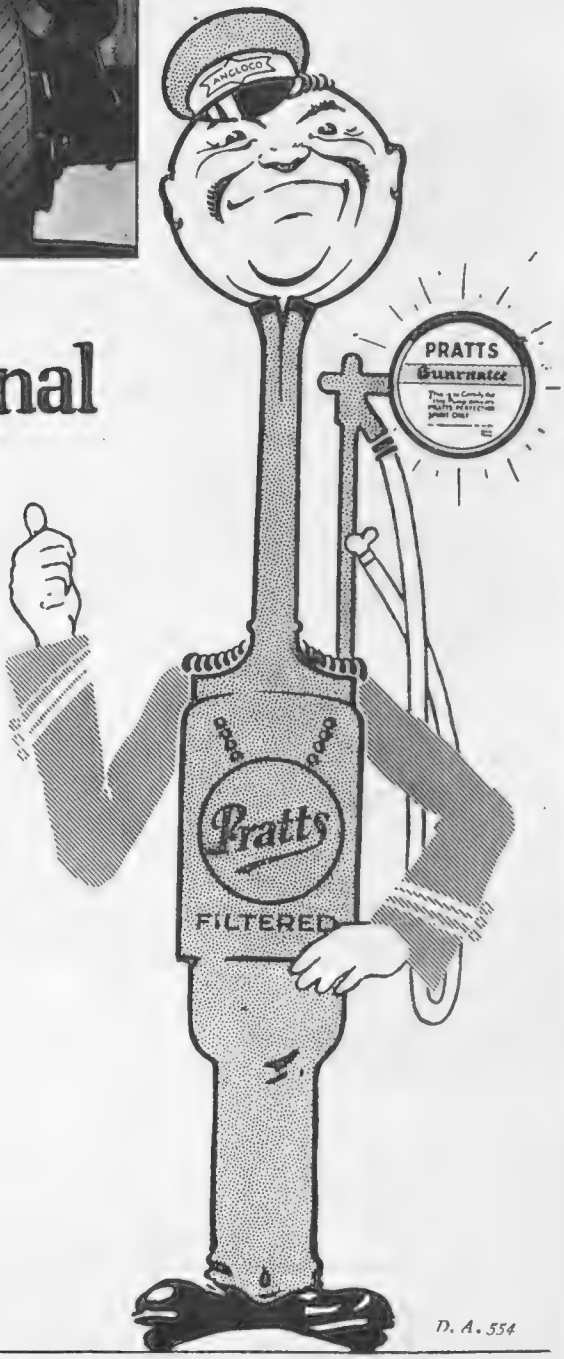

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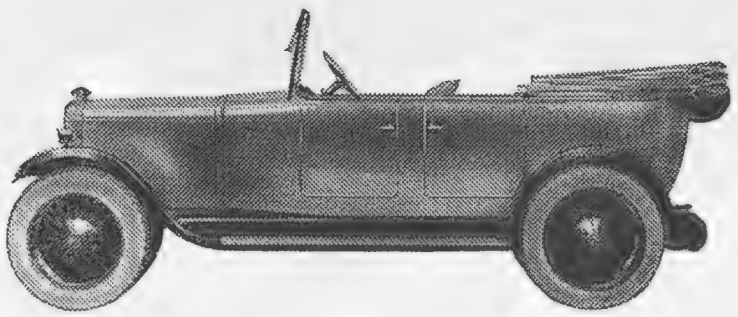

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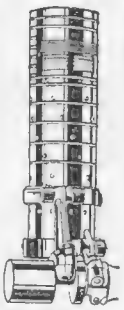

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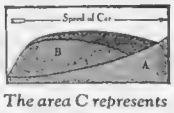

The area C represents the improvement in the new Daimlers.

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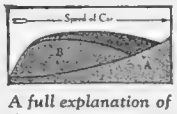

A full explanation of this diagram is in the Catalogue.

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ROLLS-ROYCE

CHASSIS

¶ All 20 H.P. Rolls-Royce Chassis ordered on and after July 28th, 1925, can be fitted with right hand change-speed and brake levers and a 4-speed gear-box, without addition to the usual chassis price, viz. £1,100

Also

Rolls-Royce Six Brakes can be fitted to all 20 H.P. Rolls-Royce Chassis ordered on and after that date at an extra cost of £85
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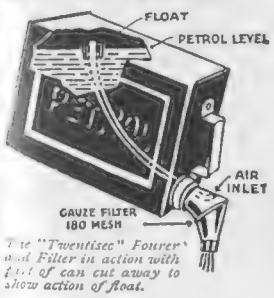

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Modes for the Moors

THERE is a gorgeousness of colour in the new season's tweeds that will scarcely find favour with serious sportswomen or men, though it is pretty safe to assume these will be worn for non-shooting occasions and smart lunches. At the same time, it is always something of a handicap for a woman to be inappropriately garbed on the moors, and so miss a possible invitation to walk with the guns or sit in a butt. On the other hand, an arresting appearance helps to liven up the conventional staid Harris tweeds of non-committal colour consequently it will be for special occasions that the new bold checks in orange and browns, red fawn and grey, beiges and blues, will be reserved.

Bordered tweeds are a decidedly pleasant innovation. These, as will be readily surmised, lend themselves to much clever treatment, the borders being cut off and applied where the artist thinks they will be effective.

A MOORLAND NOTE

A striking moor suit in a heather mixture herring-bone tweed, with double pockets and a belt of wine-coloured suède. The hat, which is of the same colour, is fashioned in rain-proof suède

(*Original designs by "Beta"*)

And this same fancy will prevail, moreover, in many ordinary early autumn tailor-mades, together with a far greater attention paid to cut and fit than has been the case for some long while.

Smooth Fine Woollens

A COMPLETE change has come about in connection with knitted goods. These are no longer of loose rough texture, but fine and close, resembling woven fabrics, which is greatly to the advantage of gowns and suits destined for the moors, a land of heather and rough ground, to which the old-time knitted wear was entirely unsuited. The jumper suits that are to prevail in this particular *galère* are all more or less of the mannish vest order, with buttoned bands down the front, and either a definitely high collar or one that can be worn open or closed. Or, again, there is the Eton collar, a turned-down affair, with points mounted at the base of the throat. And it is this collar that is trying to oust the "Polo."

Despite the tax, a considerable amount of artificial silk is mingled with wool, mainly to effect telling designs and contrasts. Similarly, it must be observed how prevalent is the inverted pleat in skirts, either at the sides or centre front, these supplying perfect ease and comfort for walking; and it speaks eloquently of the flexible character of the new knit wear that it lends itself to such treatment.

Bold Check Stockings and Brogued Shoes

FROM cobweb, fine gauze stockings and sandal shoes it is a complete change to step into wool hosiery and stout-soled shoes. But such are the laws and regulations for Scotland and the North, and with the greater variety and choice women have, naturally, become more exigeant in their selection, for this arresting type of hosiery does not necessarily tend to slim the nether limbs, nor the brogued and heavy-soled shoes to lessen the size of feet. But both are in the picture and in harmony with the rough-and-ready suits of tweed and frieze.

The ghillies' brogue is, apparently, much in favour, with lacings carried up the leg, although they are not really practical for rough and wet ground unless supplemented by gaiters. Nor is the instep strap model. Nevertheless, both are being shown and worn, together with brogued suède fitted with thick welted soles, the last-named being specially commended to the consideration of women whose feet have grown extra sensitive through wearing fine silk stockings and thin soles. It is impossible to walk for hours over rough ground in other than wool stockings and strong shoes.

FOR THE AFTERNOON

An attractive teagown fashioned in opera-pink velvet, the tunic, which is held by a bow in front, extending to the shoulder line on one side only. The gown is embroidered and hemmed with grey *coq* feathers

A Scheme of Heather and Wine-Colour

AS a guide to what will be required for Scotland, our artist has designed a simple practical coat and skirt of a heather mixture herring-bone tweed, the coat with expanding pleats, finished by a threaded belt of wine-coloured suède, a contrast that is picked up in a small unspottable suède hat. The arrangement of the skirt is interesting, showing an inverted pleat in front and a fold-over on either side, while a light wool scarf of the two colours woven in stripes is twisted round the throat.

A Representative Teagown

THE marked difference in the climate up north, especially in the evenings, is reason enough for the inclusion of a warm teagown in a moor outfit; or else one of those jolly little white bunny jackets or wide stoles which can be worn over a thin frock. Nothing has changed perhaps more completely of late years than the teagown. Still so called, it far more resembles a smart afternoon or semi-evening toilette with hanging picturesque sleeves added or not, as best pleases the wearer.

These additions have unquestionably appealed to our artist, who introduces simple straight hanging sleeves into her

scheme of opera pink chiffon velvet, adding a most becoming and uncommon drapery at one side that resolves into a large bow. Lightly embroidered with grey beads, the creation is finished with a hem of grey *coq's* feather trimming, one of the clever feather flowers being pinned on one shoulder.

Clothes for the Continent

THE all-absorbing character of dress is never more fully realised than when we enter upon a fresh season. With the sales at their very last gasp, we are busy talking of clothes for the smart continental resorts and rather more tentatively of those for the moors. Women who have Deauville in view, or even Le Touquet—which has of late got most representative—have to consider smart clothes. And carefully chosen ones into the bargain, as they are up against advance French modes in both these and kindred places. That a change is at hand has been hinted at several times in these columns, and the coming smart holiday moment will, without doubt, consolidate the position of skirts that flare or are fuller in front, adjusted from a higher waist line, with bodices and coats more fitted to the figure. Furs—smooth skins for the most part—are being extensively used as trimmings on all manner of materials suitable or otherwise.

AT HARROW

The Duke of York photographed at the Kodak works at Harrow, to which he recently paid a surprise visit. He is seen talking to Mr. G. W. Bent, the manager of the factory

AMONG THE LAVENDER

The Queen of Roumania recently paid her second visit to "The Gazeway," the show house and gardens constructed by Messrs. W. H. Gaze & Sons, Ltd., at Kingston-on-Thames She is seen with her sister, the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, in one of the sunken gardens which are bordered with lavender

Gas and Industry

In view of the rapidly-increasing use of gas for industrial processes requiring heat, it is interesting to note that the experts of the whole industry are meeting at regular intervals to discuss problems which may arise, and to pool their knowledge of the best ways of applying gas to industrial processes. Every manufacturer who is interested in the heat-treatment of metal should obtain a copy of No. 136 of *A Thousand and One Uses for Gas*. This publication can be obtained free of charge on application to the Secretary, The British Commercial Gas Association, 23, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

Another Lenglen "Record"

Mdlle. Suzanne Lenglen recently gave some good advice to lawn tennis players, which she recorded for His Master's Voice Gramophone Company. In view of the fact that the Lawn Tennis Association recently placed a ban on her and other players giving exhibition matches at Gleneagles, Mr. J. Montgomery Beck, of the His Master's Voice, has asked the L.T.A. what is their attitude towards the circularization of this record. He has, furthermore, offered to send a representative to play over the record at the next meeting of the executive.

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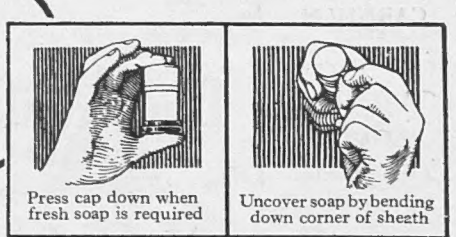
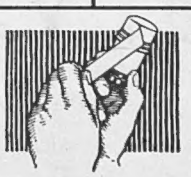


Press cap down when fresh soap is required

Uncover soap by bending down corner of sheath



Tear on cutting edge—new soap is exposed

IV 9-31

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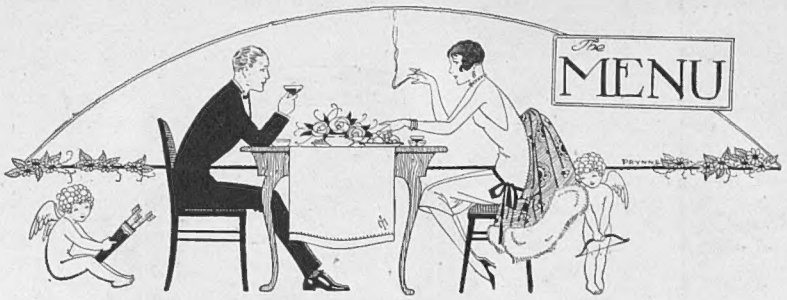

Summer Drinks, Ices and a Fruit Junket

CHAMPAGNE CUP
WHITE WINE CUP
CLARET CUP
CIDER CUP
MELON ICE
NEW YORK ICE CREAM
BROWN BREAD ICE
RASPBERRY JUNKET

Champagne Cup

ONE bottle of champagne, two bottles of soda-water, one liqueur glass of brandy or curaçao, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar (in a wineglassful of syrup), and a sprig of borage. The cup to be well iced.

White Wine Cup

Take with each bottle of white wine a quarter of an orange cut into thin slices (or half a pint of fresh strawberries), and about 2 ozs. of castor sugar. The cup to be iced. This is a very old recipe and highly recommended.

Claret Cup

To a bottle of claret add one of lemonade, put in a sprig of borage, and leave for about ten minutes, then remove the borage. Now sweeten to taste, add a liqueur glass of maraschino, and lastly half a syphon or a small bottle of soda-water. Add a lump of ice at the time of serving.

Cider Cup

Rub the peel of a lemon on a few lumps of sugar, put them in a glass jug with a slice of cucumber, a bottle of sparkling cider, a liqueur glass of curaçao, and a bottle of soda-water. Ice and send to table.

Melon Ice

One gill of cream, one melon, 4 ozs. of white sugar. Cut off the top of the melon to make a lid. Scoop out as much melon as the weight of the cream. Put this through a wire sieve. Mix with the sugar, add the whipped cream, and mix all thoroughly. Freeze, and replace it in the melon, putting on the lid with a silver skewer through it, so that it is easy to remove. Hand wafer biscuits with the melon ice.

New York Ice Cream

One quart of cream well sweetened with castor sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten very stiff, the whites of the same, beaten very stiff, and flavoured with vanilla. Thoroughly stir the yolks into the cream, then the whites lightly, and freeze immediately. One quart of banana, mashed to a pulp, and flavoured with lemon, makes it a banana ice cream, or any other kind of fruit, but it must always be mashed, and the same quantity as the cream used.

Brown Bread Ice

Half a pound of stale brown bread crumbs, one pint of whipped cream, 6 ozs. of castor sugar, a few drops of vanilla. Whip the cream well, stir in the other ingredients, pour into a wet mould and freeze.

Raspberry Junket

Pick the stalks from ½ lb. of raspberries or loganberries, wash them well, and add enough sugar to sweeten, then whisk the whites of two eggs until they are a stiff froth, and mix them with the fruit. Make a junket in the ordinary way, and when it has set firmly cover with the raspberry purée.

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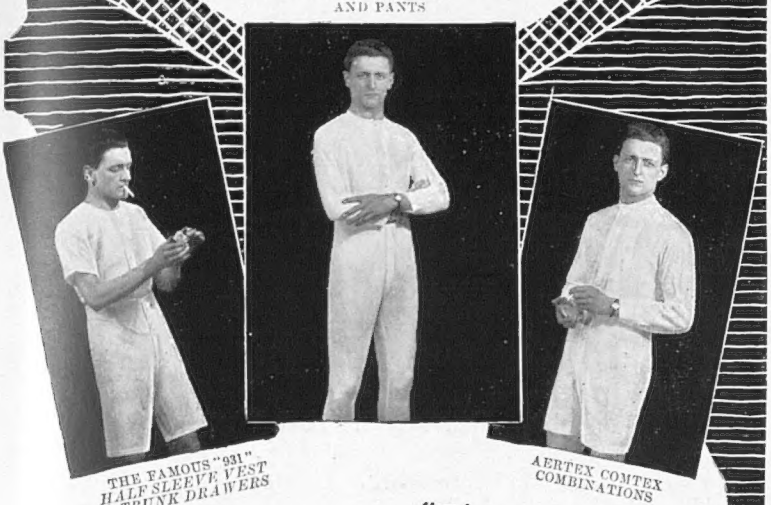

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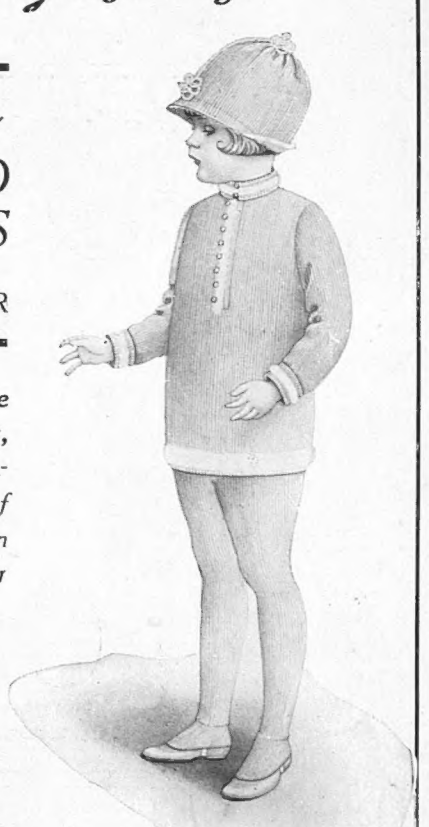

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